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THE THEATRE

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1908 No. 83

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y.; 26 West 33d Street, New York City

White

MISS LOUISE GUNNING AS SOPHIA IN "TOM JONES"

Mabel Roebuck E. M. Holland Stephen Grattan

Scene in Act I of the stage version of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

The Current Plays

HACKETT. "The Witching Hour." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced November 18 with this cast:

Jack Brookfield.....John Mason	Clay Whipple.....Morgan Coman
Lew Ellinger.....William Sampson	Frank Hardmuth.....George Nash
Tom Denning.....Freeman Barnes	Judge Prentice.....Russ Whytal
Mrs. Alice Campbell.....Ethel Winthrop	Judge Henderson.....E. L. Walton
Mrs. Helen Whipple...Jennie A. Eustace	Colonel Bayley.....Harry S. Hadfield
Viola Campbell.....Madeline Louis	Mr. Emmett.....Thomas P. Jackson

Mr. Thomas always exhibits in his work qualities that place him far in advance of the ordinary playwright. He has individuality, virility, spiritual insight, independence of thought, humor, sincerity, a charming facility of apt and incisive expression, and an artistic infallibility in the writing of scenes. "The Witching Hour" is fascinatingly interesting in many of its details, but on the whole the play proves nothing and is without substance and truth.

We do not undertake to sweep aside, with a single sentence, the mysteries of the human soul in its communication with the living and the dead; we do not doubt the sincerity of anyone who is ready to believe anything and everything. By means of credulity and speculation great secrets may be unlocked. It is one path to truth. There is a good deal of practical religion in it all. The man who believes that the spirit of his departed wife is by his side at all times will be a better citizen and a purer and tenderer man by reason of it. The all-seeing eye of former associates leaning over the balustrades of Heaven watching you should keep one straight. It is dynamic morality when one may be called to book through an animated table leg, or if spiritual forms can emerge from cabinets and advise one where to find lost articles or whether to go on a distant journey. We do not decry the finding of concealed pins by a blind-folded psychist, although that is not an occupation that can be commended to the unremitting attention of mankind. It is perhaps not remarkable that when you see telepathy in the neighborhood you should be sure that Spiritualism is around the corner and that Christian Science is on the way.

These same and a few other cults and superstitions arrived in "The Witching Hour." One of the incidental causes in the action is a cat's-eye, a most baneful stone. It is flashed in the face of an innocent young man by a completely obnoxious young man, who immediately suffers the more or less proper penalty for his temerity and half-drunken brutality. The innocent young man becomes a murderer by the swift use of a heavy ivory paper cutter. The impression that is left is that this is a trivial matter. The important thing is the telepathy that it gives occasion to.

What is the play about? John Mason is a convert to telepathy; he has occasion to exercise it on the trial of the callow youth for murder. He does so successfully and the existence of telepathy is thus demonstrated. The plot by means of which this is worked out is not entirely consistent, although entertaining. The boy is cleared, one would think, by the testimony of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States that he had once fought a duel with the boy's father on account of a cat's-eye, proving that the insanity or superstition was inherited. It does settle it. It is the only thing, to the ordinary mind, that could have secured the acquittal of the boy.

But the interest in the play is only slightly dependent upon him. No one cares for the neurotic shrimp. Mr. Thomas comes as near as possible to proving this theory of telepathy, but all that he has done is to

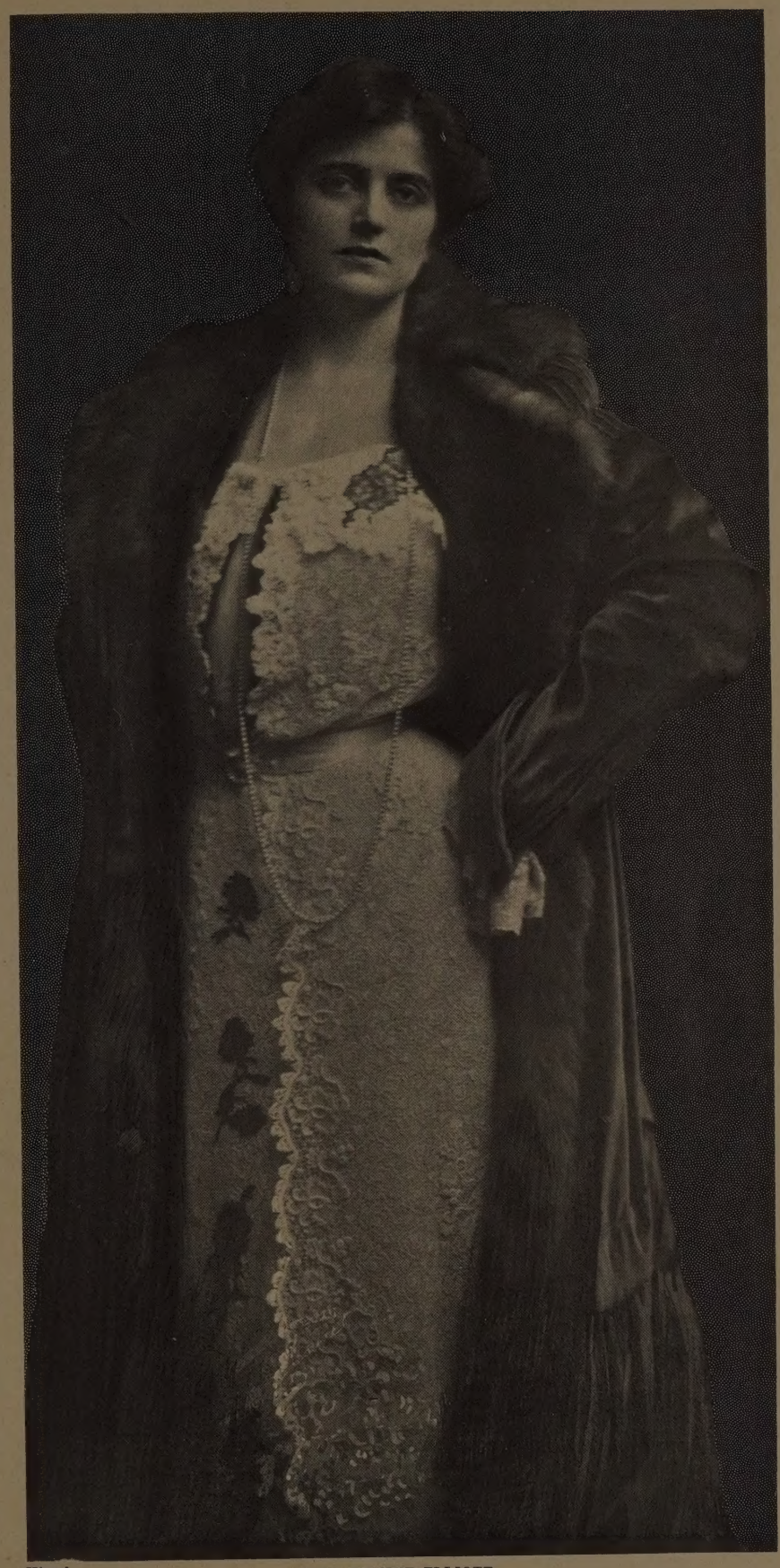
JULIA MARLOWE

Who comes to the Lyric in January with her new play "Gloria"

give us a series of diverting scenes, the incidents being accepted for the purposes of the moment only. It is only out of extreme courtesy that we accept the possibility of such a polite, accomplished gambler who has made a fortune by private poker games in his own house. Mr. Thomas plays very adroitly with his general subject and is always interesting in his treatment of it in incidents. Mr. Mason is visited at his home by the Judge, who is traveling and has heard of a Corot that he wishes to see. In discussing it, he anticipates more than once what is in the mind of the gambler, the amount that he might be willing to consider and the like. "Do you often pick answers like that?" he asks, whereupon the Judge enlightens him, with supreme confidence, on the subject. The murder happens. Mason makes a visit, accompanied by the mother of the boy, to the Judge at Washington in order to obtain his evidence in the matter of cat's-eyes. He is reluctant to consider any representations at first, as inconsistent with propriety; although it is difficult to imagine how the case would ever come before a Federal Judge. This act—originally presented as a one-act play at a Lambs' gambol—is beautifully developed. The mother reveals to him that her mother was the woman he loved in his young manhood. The trial begins and telepathy is turned on to furnish a current of action, accomplishing nothing, but seeming to accomplish everything. The District Attorney, having been rejected by Mason as a suitor for the girl in the case, is his enemy and is doing his best to have the boy hanged. Mason sits in the seclusion of his room concentrating his mind on one doubtful juror. He has also caused to be published a charge that the District Attorney had planned the murder of Goebel, the practical bearing of which is that several hundred thousand minds would throw their dynamic force into the matter and defeat the District Attorney. These minds set to work and the boy is cleared; the District Attorney rushes in and thrusts a pistol into the manly and telepathic bosom of Mason, who fixes him with his eye, tells him he cannot shoot, cannot pull the trigger, and cannot hold the pistol in his hand, whereupon the would-be assassin drops it and asks in amazement, with a virile expression, how he did it. Later on he helps the Attorney to escape across the river into Indiana, confessing that he had thought of the same plan to murder Goebel and must have communicated it to the Attorney.

What kind of drama is this? The fine renunciation of his past is highly creditable to Mr. Mason. We do not assail the ethics of it. The idea is elevating. It is also noble in Mr. Mason to renounce poker because he thinks that he won all his money by second sight or telepathy.

This is not the best play that Mr. Thomas has written by any means, but in no other has he displayed more skill, in philosophical and technical sophistry, more delicacy, wit and humor. But Mr. Thomas does not convince us that Mr. Mason, after having conveyed to another's mind his plan of assassinating Goebel and causing him to execute it, is, after the fall of the curtain, going to go about the world doing good, instead of evil, by means of dynamic telepathy. Mr. Mason's acting of the character is supremely good. We know of no other actor who could sit in his easy chair in his library on the stage and profess to be exerting his dynamic telepathic power over an obstinate juror, with a belief in its efficacy without having an audience regard it as exquisitely amusing satire on the very matter to be proved. The



Histed

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

Who has returned to the American stage after two years' absence in England, in a comedy by H. V. Esmond entitled "Under the Greenwood Tree"

VICTOR MOORE
Now appearing as Kid Burns in George M. Cohan's new musical play "The Talk of New York"

acting respectively of Russ Whytal as Judge Prentice and of Jennie Eustace as the mother also deserves praise.

LYRIC. "NERO." Tragedy in 5 acts, by Pietro Cossa. Produced Dec. 9 with this cast:

Claudio Cesare Nerone, Ermete Novelli; Atte, O. Giannini; Egloge, L. Rossi; Veronilla, L. Pescatori; Clavio Rufo, L. Ferrati; Menecrate, E. Piamonti; Petronio, E. Barracchi; Nevio, A. Betrone; Babilio, V. Servolini; Eulogio, R. Fantini; Vinicio, G. Dal-Cortivo; Mucrone, N. Pescatori; Icelo, G. Fossi; Faonte, G. Almirante; Epafrodito, O. Galeotti; a Slave-Woman, M. Fantoni.

Signor Novelli's versatility and virtuosity have been abundantly proved in a repertoire more extensive than any American or English actor would use or could use under the existing conditions of our stage. There is nothing marvelous about it, for we had actors and stock companies fifty years ago who habitually did the same thing in so far as the mechanical execution is concerned. It is no proper part of a spectator's enjoyment to know that an actor has his head charged with fifty or a hundred rôles. The old-timers will tell you now of their favorite comedian who played Shylock, danced a sailor's hornpipe between the acts, and then obliged you as Box or Cox in the afterpiece. One day he was a Roman, in a toga, the next a turbaned Turk. He had played all the historical characters and, above all things, he was strong in the Yorkshire dialect. He could fence and he could sing. In those days there were ten emotions and he knew them all. Fortunately or unfortunately that particular kind of actor in this country is dead. The coming of Novelli raises the question of the old-fashioned versatility and the value of stock companies. It also raises the question of scenery. Are the matters involved settled with us or not? Have we discarded old methods and adopted new ones without cause? Have we taken the initiative in bringing about the new conditions? Will the old conditions return? No. We did take the initiative in demanding fitness in appearance, temperament and capacity for the part to be acted. We, with the English, did demand that the scenery of the theatre should advance with the means of improvement; and, in these particulars, in light effects, and in stage management, our stage is considerably more than fifty years ahead of any continental stage. Novelli is right in the breadth of his productions. In other matters he is behind the times. As an actor his individual qualities and powers of expression are remarkable. His Shakespearian performances and productions are not satisfactory to us and never will be. He interests you in his acting of them but he lacks fullness of interpretation according to our standards, and we have something to say in the matter by right, a right superior to his. We take it that he has not come to conquer the whole country. His only possible chance for that feat would be in the selection of one or two plays, preferably familiar ones that would please. "Nero," his latest novelty, might be one of the available plays if it were staged by an American stage manager. It is trivial enough for the supposed American taste. Here is an old libertine, with varying emotions, all sorts of vanities, having all sorts of adventures, and acted by Novelli in a fine spirit of comedy, satire and truth. Nero is a drunkard, a sculptor, a musician, a wrestler, a brute, yet capable of a certain tenderness, a coward, full of superstition and yet a ruler with the power of life and death. There are scenes that call for all these various elements of character. Novelli has some tricks of acting that would interest any audience. His death scene, with the proper surroundings, would renew the old admiration for such theatrical *tours de force*. He is a wonderfully clever actor, but he is not going to gain the footing of the great foreign stars that have preceded him by playing a multitude of pieces that nobody knows, and in a language that few understand.

Hall

FRANK KENEBEL AND MABEL TALIAFERRO IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

CRITERION. "THE MORALS OF MARCUS." Comedy in 4 acts by W. J. Locke. Produced Nov. 18 with this cast:

Sir Marcus Ordeyne	C. Aubrey Smith
Sebastian Pasquale	Ivo Dawson
Hamdi Effendi	Forrest Robinson
Stenson	William Evans
Bobby Tremlett	Alexander King, Jr.
Carlotta	Marie Doro
Judith Mainwaring	Beatrice Forbes-Robertson
Mrs. Ordeyne	Mrs. Kate Meek
Doro Ordeyne	Leonore Palmer
Mrs. McMurray	Mrs. J. P. West
Antoinette	Alice Gale
Lady Elmira Wynn	Alice Neal
Miss Lestrange	Ethel Morrey
Maid	Eda Bruna

When a play entertains it meets its first and essential condition of success. If taken from a novel it may entertain more or it may entertain less than the original in its literary form, but all comparison is to no purpose; it is trivial pedantry thrown away and an offensive impertinence. If one's pleasure in witnessing a play were dependent on a comparison with the original sources millions of theatregoers would have been disfranchised in the matter of Shakespeare. Mr. Locke has dramatized his own novel and he now has two properties of distinct values. If the morals of Marcus play any part in the novel they are not in evidence to any appreciable extent in the play. Perhaps so much the better. A semi-English Syrian girl abandoned to her own resources in England suddenly parts the hedge and appears before Sir Marcus as he sits, deep in study, with his books before him, in his lawn. Her helplessness and odd innocence appeal to him; he gives her in charge of the housekeeper; gradually and unconsciously falls in love with her; and in spite of the machinations of others who lure her away and seek to compromise her he determines to marry her. In substance, it is the familiar play of the waif or guardian and ward. It has the approved dramatic values of such plays, with added novelty in circumstance and character. The fable is more than usually improbable, for it is a love affair between a lion and a mouse. It is not unreasonable that Sir Marcus should fall in love with the little kitten (it being permissible to change the simile when improbable things are involved), but that he should marry the kitten is not likely. There is no reason to believe that Carlotta will not make him a nice little toy wife, for she has been a nice little toy figure in a stage entertainment of an evening. With further significance it might cease to interest. If Carlotta should develop into a bookworm, or if we had the assurance before the ending of the play that she would grow in grace with a knowledge of grammar and the like, and that she would be a fit mate for him, we could see into the future with some satisfaction. We could approve his independence of character in marrying the choice of his heart and his judgment in defiance of the conventionalities of his rank in life. Whatever may have been provided on this point leaves no impression, with the result that an entertainment is afforded and nothing more. The acting of Mr. Aubrey Smith, however, is vital and true. His skill and naturalness as Sir Marcus give reality to the character. Miss Marie Doro as Carlotta, the waif, is charming in a part that we accept only for the purposes of the action and where every antic is by our permission only. It is a case of the kind permission of the public. The incidents and dialogue of the play are diverting, while the melodramatic touches are essential to the story. With its superficial charm and effective artificiality the piece is likely to please audiences not too exactly as to the probabilities. This piece marks the début in America of a new dramatist from whom other plays will be awaited with pleasurable anticipation.

(*Continued on page xi.*)

Courtesy of *Sketch*, London

MME. LUISA TETRAZZINI

This Italian prima donna has been the sensation of the opera season in London. She is a sister-in-law of Signor Campanini, the musical director, and is said to possess a voice greater than Patti's. Her principal rôles are in "Lucia" and "Traviata." Oscar Hammerstein has secured her for the Manhattan Opera House at a salary of $1,500 a performance. A cable to the New York *Sun* says: "The Tetrazzini furore has become the obsession of madness. London never before discovered a new artist. It has accepted at the valuation placed upon them abroad singers from all over the world. Tetrazzini came without special heralding and London has made her its goddess of song. Melba and Caruso are treated in London much the same as in New York, but Covent Garden never witnessed such scenes as those which occurred at the final appearance of Tetrazzini this week. Every inch of space was occupied and the public was glad to pay $20 for $3 seats. They cheered her till they could cheer no more." The singer will appear in New York January 15 next

Stage Favorites in their Automobiles

MISS TRIXIE FRIGANZA STARTING OUT FOR A SPIN IN HER STUDEBAKER ELECTRIC

NO people, as a class, have taken to the automobile more quickly nor with greater enthusiasm than the actor who finds a run in a swift-moving car a delightful and healthful relaxation after the intense nervous strain of long, tiresome stage rehearsals during the day and performances at night. Many of our players, men and women both, own their own machines and may be seen almost daily spinning along Fifth Avenue and Broadway, or along the driveways in Central Park. Other thespians who are still greater devotees to the pleasures of the sport, take long journeys in their cars to other cities, some even going to Europe and making extended journeys all over the continent. Among those prominent players and managers who own their own cars and who may be seen frequently driving them in the streets of the metropolis are Viola Allen, Clyde Fitch, Dustin Farnum, Julia Marlowe, Marie Cahill, Frank Daniels, Fritzi Scheff, Maxine Elliott, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Jefferson De Angelis, Hattie Williams, Trixie Friganza, Irene Bentley, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Margaret Illington, C. B. Dillingham, George Tyler, Blanche Ring, May Irwin, Frances Starr, Rose Stahl, Emma Carus, Anna Held, Louise Closser, Walter Hale, Mabel Hite, Frances Ring, Jessie Busley, Grace George, Lulu Glaser, and others.

ANNA HELD HER OWN CHAUFFEUSE

EMMA CARUS IN HER "R. AND L." ELECTRIC

Jefferson De Angelis has been an enthusiastic chauffeur for several years. He has a garage at his place in Yonkers and nothing, he says, delights him so much as "pottering" with the machinery. He takes long spins through the country and always uses his car to go to the theatre each evening when acting in New York, leaving the machine at the stage door until the performance is over.

Lulu Glaser one may find almost any day driving her gasoline machine along the Boston Post Road between her country place at Mount Vernon and her residence in New York.

Fritzi Scheff, who yields to no one in her love for the horseless carriage, has a special clause inserted in

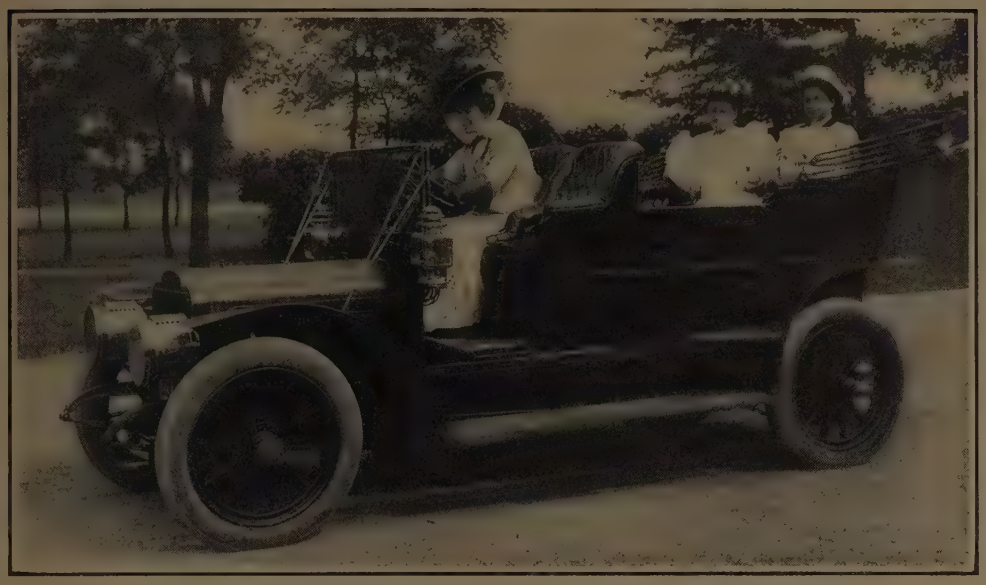
WALTER HALE AND LOUISE CLOSSER AS THEY TOURED EUROPE

all contracts with her managers giving her the privilege of having her car taken en tour even on one night stands.

Walter Hale and his wife, Louise Closser, have been enthusiastic motorists for some years past. Mr. Hale dates his interest in automobiles from the time he first toured through France with the late Kirke La Shelle, five years ago. From that time on he began making a study of the gasoline engine and has always been his own chauffeur and mechanician. Mr. and Mrs. Hale completed their first continental tour together three years ago when they landed an American car at Naples and drove through Italy, over the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass and through France to Havre. The result of this journey was Mrs. Hale's novel, "A Motor Car Divorce," with Mr. Hale's illustrations. The next year they landed at Gibraltar with the runabout shown in the photograph, which was specially constructed and equipped for European travel, and with it toured through Australia, the arid plains of Murcia and through Spain to the Pyrenees, which they crossed by the Col de Tosas, and then drove through France to Paris. The material gathered on this trip was used entirely for the magazines. "The Manana Habit" appeared in *Harper's* for October, "The Spanish Bandit and the Motor Car" in *Outing* for November.

Last summer, while his wife was playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in London, Mr. Hale drove the same car from Liverpool to the top of the Alps and back again. Winchell Smith and Fred Niblo accompanied him for the greater part of the tour. The car was stuck in a snow drift at the top of the Little Saint Bernard in July and the aid of some soldiers had to be called in to dig it out. During the tour in Spain, the car forded fifteen rivers in one day, but Mr. Hale says one can get just as much excitement touring in New Jersey as he can in the wilds of the "bandit country."

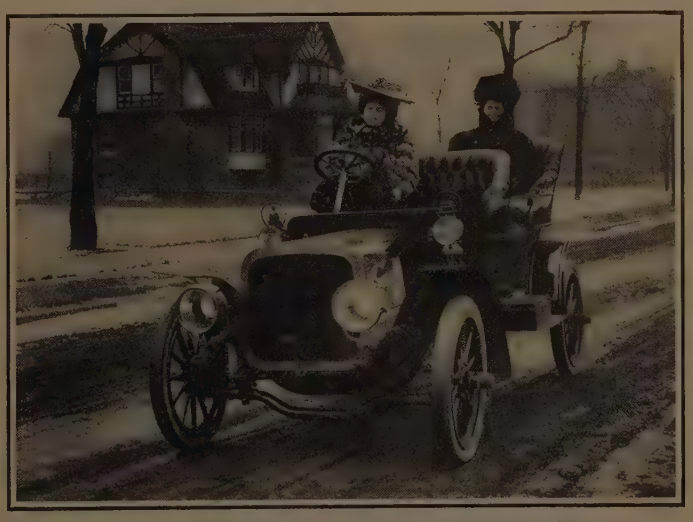
A party was made up to motor to Philadelphia for the Army and Navy football game, the end of November. Dustin Farnum in his car carried Fred Zimmerman and some naval officers, while Mr. Hale was accompanied by Wallace McCutcheon in his automobile. Both drivers were arrested passing through Metuchen for exceeding the speed limit, but reached Philadelphia before the game began. On a



MISS ROSE STAHL TAKING FRIENDS FOR A SPIN IN CENTRAL PARK
This popular actress is an expert chauffeuse and automobiling has long been her favorite pastime

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK GIVING HER MANY CHILDREN A RIDE

FRANCES STARR GOING FOR A RUN



JULIA SANDERSON AN ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST

return journey a stop was made at Trenton to take on Vincent Serrano, who had just closed with "The Secret Orchard." The cars left Trenton at midnight and lost track of each other in a snow storm an hour later. After spending the night hunting over all the roads in the neighborhood the Farnum car reached Jersey City at seven in the morning, while McCutcheon and Hale after thawing out in the ferry house at Perth Amboy drove through Staten Island and arrived at the Lambs' for breakfast at half past eight.

George Tyler, head of Messrs. Liebler & Co., the well known theatre managers, also takes extended automobile trips through Europe each summer. Last year he went on a journey through Morocco with his touring car, and returned to civilization with the most enthusiastic reports regarding the condition of roads in that picturesque country.

ADELAIDE MANOLA RUNNING A SIX-CYLINDER FORD MACHINE

MABEL HITE AND GRACE McARTY TAKING A SPIN IN A RAMBLER

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MEIGHAN (FRANCES RING) IN THEIR PEERLESS CAR

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the well known prima donna, has been a motor enthusiast for a long time. When not singing in New York she may be seen almost every day at Signac, near Montclair, N. J., taking her numerous children out for a spin in her car.

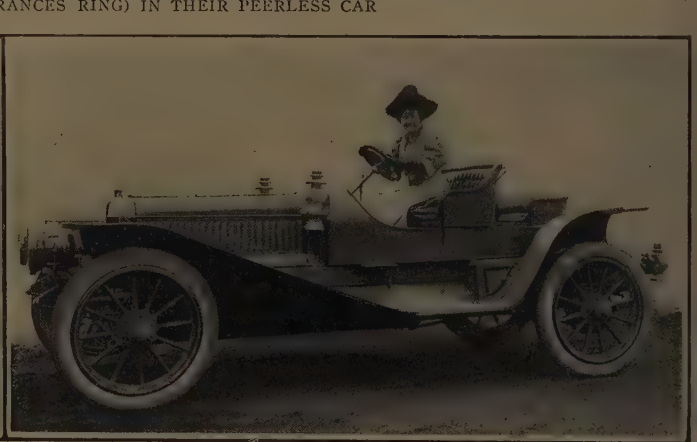
Frank Daniels, the comedian, keeps a big touring machine at his country place at Rye, and automobiling with his little daughter constitutes practically his only relaxation from his serious and wearisome work of making the public laugh.

Frances Starr, the dainty little Girl of the Rancho, is an expert chauffeuse, and may be seen any fine day skilfully navigating the perils of Fifth Avenue and Central Park.

Rose Stahl, that very clever lady of the chorus, is likewise mistress of the steering wheel, and in the photograph reproduced here is seen taking a

(*Cont'd on p. vi.*)

ADELAIDE PRINCE AND VINCENT SERRANO IN A STODDARD-DAYTON



JESSIE BUSLEY IN HER SIXTEEN-SIX WINTON

Hall

Miss Desmond Kelly Miss Ethel Barrymore

SCENE IN "HER SISTER," A PLAY BY CLYDE FITCH AND COSMO GORDON LENNOX, AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

At the Opera Houses

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SIGNOR ZENATELLO IN "AIDA"

WHAT strange and perverse fate ever tempted Mr. Conried to hit upon Cilea's uninteresting opera "Adriana Lecouvreur" for the opening night of the present Metropolitan opera season! It has become the custom to assert that it does not matter much what opera is chosen for the initial one of the Metropolitan season, for on that occasion the one-half of the world goes to stare the other half out of countenance and also out of the boxes—if that be possible; and music for music's sake is usually nothing more than a commonplace with the masses that evening. At least so it was in former years, when the dear public did not bother its head whether "Faust" or "Romeo et Juliette," "Romeo et Juliette" or "Faust" was sung that night. So long as there were stars on the program and fashionables in the boxes it did not matter to the Philistines in the least.

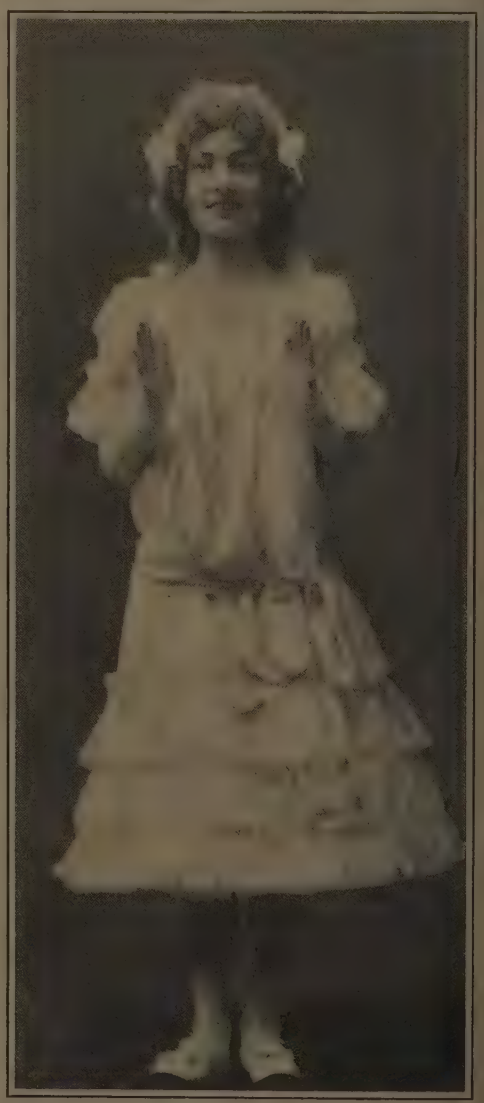
But this season Mr. Conried was determined to be daring—he decided to open his season with a novelty. This fact drew the attention of the public away from the boxes for the nonce and thus, focussed upon the stage and the opera, the public discovered that in "Adriana Lecouvreur" Mr. Conried had chosen a work that was marvelously uninteresting musically. It was a printed and an actual fact that the boards that night were being trod by Caruso, Cavalieri and Scotti, but the enthusiasm fluttered about with limp wings and a cold chill shuddered down the spine of art.

The libretto of "Adriana Lecouvreur" follows the lines of Scribe and Legouvé's play, and the latter is familiar enough to forbid retelling here. While in the play the numberless interjections keep the story seething, these frequent, brief remarks serve to make the opera book choppy; and the composer, faithfully following his librettist, has produced a work that is, in turn, jerky and devoid of the fine, convincing flow so necessary to a vitally interesting opera. So, to begin with, Cilea has set a questionable libretto to music; and to end with, he has furnished pretty bald music to an uninviting libretto. And between these two stools the opera falls with empty thud. Thus, with icy chill, did the Metropolitan opera season of 1907-8 begin.

Added to the weakness of the opera it must be recorded that Caruso was not in good voice, his vocal strength showing signs of fatigue—which is not a surprise to those who have followed the reports of his frequent singing abroad, just before landing here. The tenor has appeared in German opera houses and has sung early and often—instead of resting and getting himself in condition for the arduous Metropolitan season of twenty weeks. There were evidences of this in his voice on the opening night of the season, and his singing since, although much improved and although still displaying the ring of true vocal gold, has been without that wonderful quality which causes the hearer to have a throb in his ear at the sheer beauty of it all. What seems to have passed from Caruso—at least for the present—is the delicacy of *mezza voce;* and it is to be hoped that with rest and care this quality of fine beauty may be restored to this heaven-given organ.

Mme. Cavalieri in the title rôle of "Adriana Lecouvreur" was statuesque and satisfying to the eye. She acted with a show of temperament, and sang with a care that denoted the fact how well she was alive to the limitations of her vocal art. As Michonet, the stage manager, Scotti was admirable and sang excellently. Then there was a new tenor, Lucas, who played the Abbé and sang it with little display of beautiful voice; and finally there was Jacoby who had been lifted into the rôle of the Princess and as such treated the audience to a succession of disappointments. She was not to the vocal manor born, to say the least. The affair served also to introduce to the audience the new Italian conductor, Rudolfò Ferrari, who did what he could with this work, but proved in subsequent operas to be an exceedingly good leader and a decided acquisition to the forces of this opera house. The scenery was new and pretty—but it all seemed a waste of voices, canvas and nice white music paper.

The next important feature of the month was the American début of Mary Garden at the Manhattan Opera House. This artist has held Paris enthralled for several years, where she is idolized by the frequenters of the Opéra Comique, and where in "Louise" and "Pélleas et Mélisande" she has won fame. When Mr. Hammerstein decided that New York should be treated to French opera comique he decided to import it bodily, by bringing to her native shores first of all Miss Garden.



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MME. ZEPPILLI
As the Doll in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"

She made her début at the Manhattan Opera House as and in Massenet's "Thaïs." First and foremost let it be admitted that the rumors of Miss Garden's beauty have not in the least been exaggerated. She

is a joy to the eye of even the most blasé opera frequenter; and as Thaïs, the courtesan of Alexandria, many of her beauties stand revealed to him who runs and can see. Also has this artist temperament and stage grace that mark her as an unusual actress among opera singers. There are on the New York opera stages several very beautiful women who can and do impress their beauty upon the audience, but they do it principally by poses; Miss Garden, on the other hand, is beautiful too when she indulges in gestures and motions. She is extremely lithe and graceful, and in this opera her attitude is frequently that of a pantheress. But when you touch upon the chapter of Miss Garden's singing you find much to disappoint you. The voice is not a beautiful nor a great one, and some of the upper notes are shrill. But Miss Garden frankly asks that she be judged not alone by her singing nor exclusively by her acting—she wishes to be looked upon as an artist who is combining the two arts, and is presenting a new feature, a unique art—that of the modern Paris Opéra Comique.

SIGNOR FERRARI
New Italian conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House

Associated with Miss Garden in this performance was that incomparable artist Maurice Renaud, who sang the rôle of the fanatic Athanael with far more and in infinitely better voice than he had at any previous time here. As Nicias, Dalmores was most satisfying, and the staging of the work was most adequate.

"Thaïs" is not an interesting opera. It is brimful of the idiom of Massenet: suave, sugary phrases and vapid climaxes, joined by conventional and sometimes meaningless music. The public rose at the mock sentimentality of the "Meditation" and demanded that Conductor Campanini repeat it. But, whether "Thaïs" is an art work or whether it is not, all credit is due to Mr. Hammerstein for giving New Yorkers a glimpse of one of the French successes, and principally for letting us see with our own eyes the beauty and grace of Mary Garden.

And then, finally, there was a third event of importance in the month's opera, and that was the American début of Schaliapine, the famous Russian basso. He became known here by reports of his specialties, principal among which were his interpretations of Mephistopheles; and so it was in this lurid rôle, in Boito's "Mefistofele," that Schaliapine appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House. It had happened that the singer was suffering with cold, and for that reason his voice betrayed occasional signs of roughness. But the quality of the voice is unusual, and it sounds the note of weirdness which so admirably fits the delineation of this extraordinary part. Schaliapine is an artist in every way. He has eschewed the familiar red and black of the Mephisto costume and dresses or undresses this part originally, changing his devilish frock in almost every scene. But he is at his greatest in the Brocken scene, where he dominates the whole incident in a wonderful manner, lording it over ghouls as though he were Czar of the universe. In addition to all features this basso has the one of personality, which is tremendous. He is a very interesting artist, one whose further interpretations here will be watched with keenness. In this performance a new tenor was heard for the first time here. He is Riccardo Martin, an American by birth. He sang the Faust of the performance and showed that he was an intelligent singer, whose voice is light but who is full of promise, nevertheless. Geraldine Farrar was the Margarita and she sang as never before she has sung at this opera house, with smoothly rounded voice and with a fine avoidance of shrill, high notes. In appearance she was charming and her acting was wonderfully finished. Ferrari conducted a very spirited performance and the scenic equipment was superlatively good, the stage effects being lavishly effective.

Leaving the theme of artists and dealing with performances, it

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MME. GERVILLE-REACHE AS DELILAH
(Manhattan)

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SIGNOR ANCONA IN "LA GIOCONDA"
(Manhattan)

must be recorded that the revival of Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Manhattan was an extremely interesting affair. The work had been heard here in the past—about a quarter of a century ago—when it was performed under Mr. Grau's direction. Since then it has slept, except in Europe where, in the past few years, it has jumped into popularity. So there was keen interest to hear this work, and it proved to be a most interesting opera, representing not only Offenbach's most serious attempt at getting away from cartooning music, but also showing that there flowed in him a vein of deep and finely-felt melody. The

Baker Art Gallery Brandon Hurst Maude Fealy

Mary Warren (Miss Fealy): "I would kill the man who struck me, even if I loved him"

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE STRONGER SEX" IN WHICH MISS MAUDE FEALY IS NOW STARRING

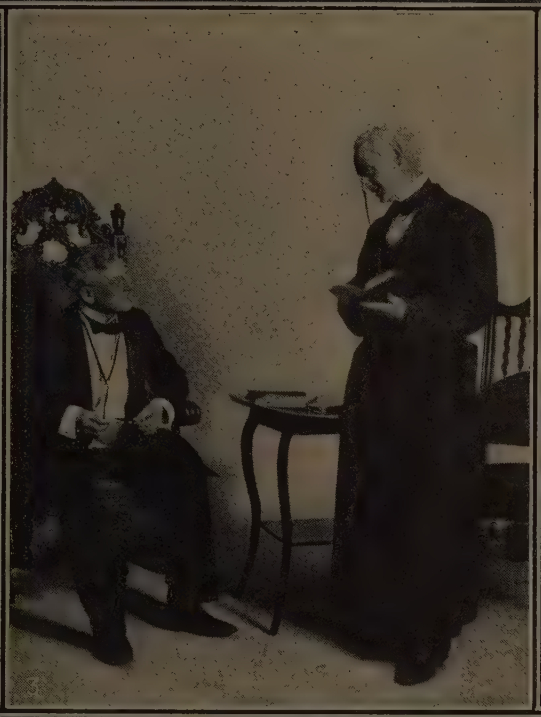
production at the Manhattan was admirable in most respects. Renaud filled the three rôles that fall to the lot of the baritone in this work, and he gave further evidence of his greatness as an actor and as a particularly versatile one, for there was no trace of resemblance between any of the three rôles which he portrayed. Dalmores was excellent, and De Cisneros achieved a new triumph in this work. As the doll, Zeppilli was delightfully angular and droll, and Gilibert was impressively comical. Jomelli was far from flawless. Campanini again made much of this pretty score, and the public acted delighted.

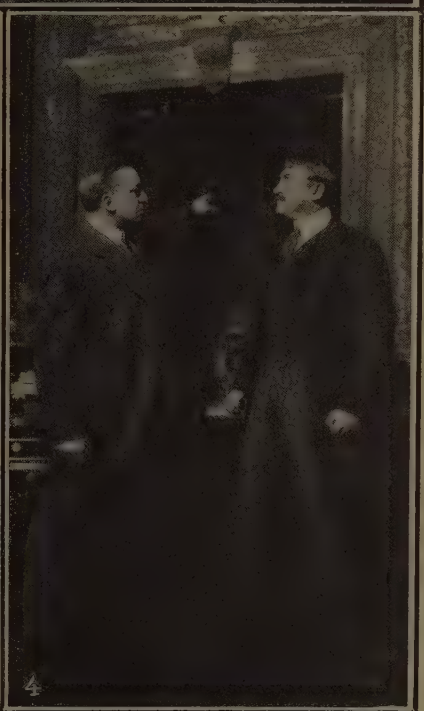
And then there have been other revivals! At the Metropolitan Opera House Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman" was dug out, presumably in order to place this work in the repertoire so that at some time or another it will be possible to give a Wagner cycle. It has been six years since this youthful work has had performance here—and to say that it sounded outmoded is putting it very mildly. It has a wealth of melody of the kind which Wagner happily outgrew with later years, but its book is foolish in its sentiment. The mounting of the work at the Metropolitan was very handsome, the first scene being especially good and the ships behaving like gentlemen and not colliding. There was some realistic effects of clouds and, with the flashing of three white gulls across the picture, the atmosphere of storm was finely suggested. A roster of important singers were employed, headed by Gadski, who was the Senta. She was not especially happy in this part, singing with far less sureness of intonation than is her wont. Van Rooy, as the Dutchman, was excellent in acting, but he fell into his favorite habit of forcing his voice beyond the bounds of beauty and those of necessity. Knote sang Erik, and he did it beautifully, with dramatic seriousness. Hertz conducted and lent the touch of light and shade to this music with fine skill. He actually made parts of the work sound interesting, even to those who have other than historical interest in this work.

Another revival of note was that of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," which had also lain dormant for some time. It came back with all its humorous and sentimental glory, and the production was excellent. Gadski is at her best as Eva, Knote is an ideal Walther, Reiss is a remarkable David and Van Rooy is an impressive Hans Sachs; and then there is Goritz who, as Beckmesser, one of the funniest figures on the grand opera stage. Hertz also conducted this work, and he covered himself with new laurels, holding back his all too frequent impulsiveness and allowing the natural beauty and poetry of this music to speak for itself. The orchestra was on its mettle, the chorus was admirably well trained and there was swing to the entire production.

Bonci, who was heard at the Manhattan Opera House last year, made his first appearance at the Metropolitan, singing the Duke in "Rigoletto" and proving that his fine voice carries wonderfully.

Scenes in Augustus Thomas' Play "The Witching Hour"





(1) Clay Whipple (Morgan Coman) kills a friend in a quarrel and is arrested for murder. (2) Jack Brookfield (John Mason) talks over old love affairs with Mrs. Whipple (Jennie Eustace). (3) Judge Prentice (Russ Whytol) reveals a romantic chapter in his life. (4) Jack Brookfield threatens to expose the district attorney (George Nash). (5) Clay Whipple, acquitted by the jury, falls at his mother's feet

William J. Locke — Novelist and Dramatist

THE production of two new plays within a single season by a dramatist, hitherto, as regards this country, an unknown quantity, is a spectacle sufficiently unusual to justify comment. William John Locke, to whom had not yet been vouchsafed an American hearing for any of his contributions to the stage, is represented here this season by two dramas, "The Morals of Marcus," which we have already seen, and "The Beloved Vagabond," which the Shuberts have announced for production. Mr. Locke has for some time been reckoned as a figure of first importance in contemporary English literature. He is no apprentice either as a writer of fiction or as purveyor of plays. Just where he will ultimately be placed among contemporary dramatists remains to be seen. In England, where expectation for a new Henry Arthur Jones or a new Arthur Wing Pinero has been rewarded only with the artificial cleverness of Alfred Sutro or the graceful, rather insignificant prettiness of Hubert Henry Davies, Mr. Locke has at least been greeted as a playwright of importance.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE
Author of "The Morals of Marcus"

Not precisely what was looked for among the "younger" English playwrights, he has compelled acceptation as a brilliant force which in its large measure of individuality suggests no one so much as James Matthew Barrie. It has been, as with the author of "Peter Pan," difficult to prophesy just what Mr. Locke will do next, but that he may be counted upon as doing something interesting must be admitted.

Mr. Locke was born in Barbados in 1863, and was educated in Trinidad, and afterwards at Cambridge. After specializing in mathematics and then qualifying as an architect, Mr. Locke, as Thomas Hardy did before him, turned from planning buildings to planning books. His early essays were not especially notable, although soon was observed that easy command of fluent, racy, even sparkling English that has imparted a stimulating champagne-like quality even to his trifling stories and, it is said, to his plays as well. "At the Gate of Samaria" appeared in 1895, and was followed by "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," "A Study in Shadows," "Derelicts," "Idols," "The White Dove," "The Usurper," "And Where Love Is." He was also represented by two one-act plays, "Mr. Cynic" and "The Lost Legion," both of which had London hearings. He did not really "find himself," however, until he wrote "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." Anything more piquant, more refreshing than this preposterous yet plausible compound of extravagance, riotous fancy and realism it is not easy to imagine. The tale presents the surprising adventure of a wealthy young London dilettante of literary tastes and bachelorhood proclivities, who encounters on the Thames embankment a refugee from a Syrian harem, an English girl whom circumstances had placed from her birth among the houris of the East. She is not immoral, but unmoral, a bewitching realization of the triumph of the flesh, completely void, as it appears to the bewildered Marcus, of either spirituality or soul. Carlotta, as she is called, implores the young man's protection, which he is forced to grant.

The possibilities of this remarkable situation are apparent and Mr. Locke realized them to the full in a story bristling with surprises, with unique situations and sparkling with an almost poetic style, which has been properly compared to the dashing Meredithian manner of "The Adventures of Harry Richmond." Indeed, Mr. Locke on not a few occasions betrays the Meredithian influence. His delight in extravagance of situation, however, rather more suggests a sentimentalized W. S. Gilbert, carefully avoiding, however, those too ingenious complications that have in a way dehumanized the acute legal mind of the highly original author of "The Mikado" and "Pygmalion and Galatea."

Last season Mr. Locke reappeared as dramatist with a stage version of the romance of "Seer Marcous" and the alluring Carlotta, enacted under the title of "The Morals of Marcus." The piece with Alexandra Carlisle as the English siren of the Ottoman harem won a triumph in London. It is with this play that Mr. Locke has been introduced to the American stage.

"The Beloved Vagabond," more poetic in conception if technically somewhat less original than "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," was written in 1906. It is a wandering "Piquaresque" tale, the delightful romance of a Bohemian Gil Blas in France with a flavor of Murger and, at times, of a chastened George Moore. This, too, has been made into a play which Beerbohm Tree has just produced with splendid results in Dublin and will soon take to the British capital as the feature of the season at His Majesty's Theatre. Walker Whiteside is to do the comedy in New York in January. The book would not seem as suited to footlight metamorphosis as its immediate predecessor, and reports from Dublin indicate that the originality of the conclusion has been made to succumb to considerations of poetic justice.

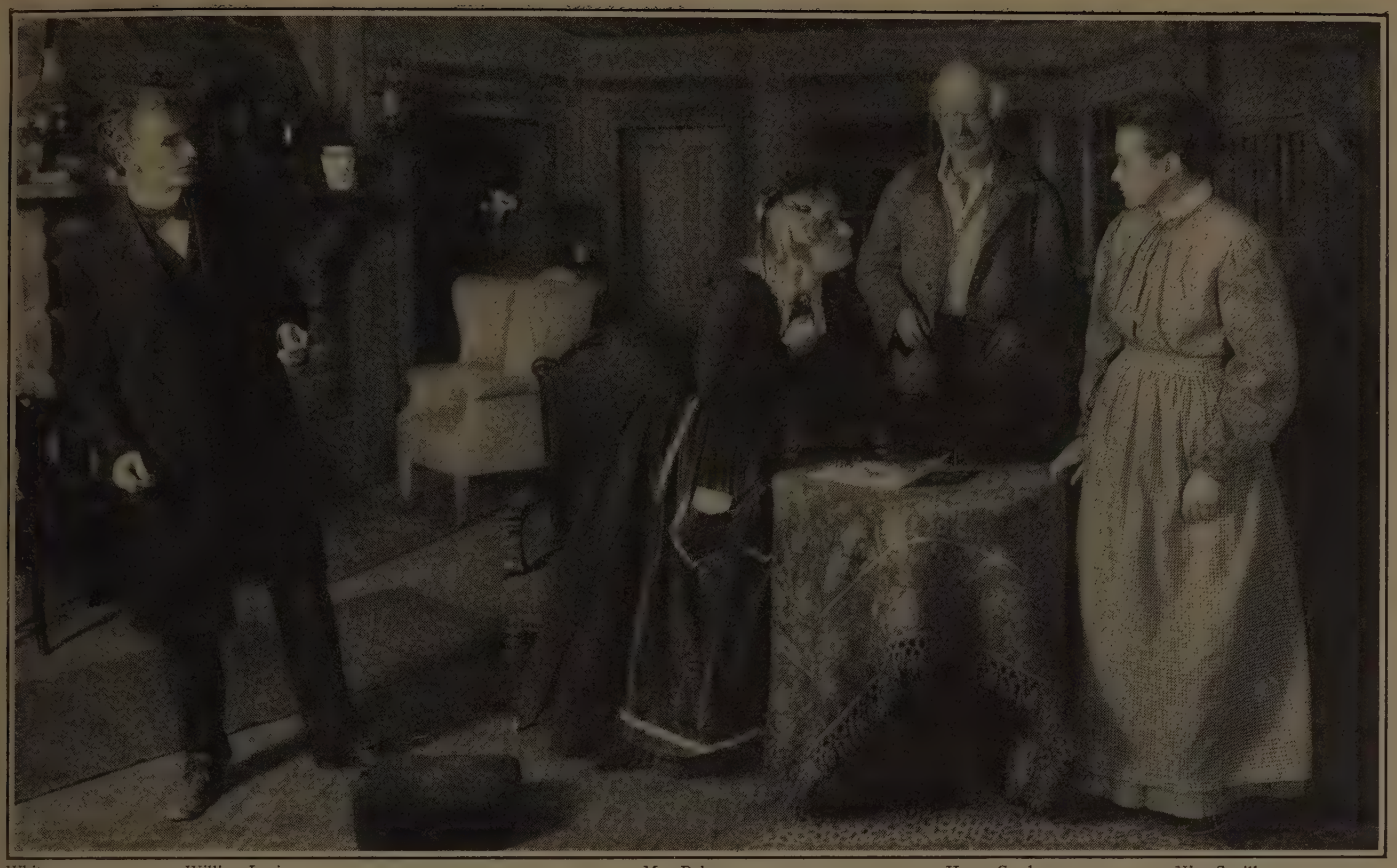
"The Palace of Puck," still another Locke drama, not founded on any of his previous writing, broke the monotony of London's last season. This seems to be distinctly a Gilbertian experiment, in which the dramatic contrast is emphasized by placing a "bromide" stock broker in curious juxtaposition with the Quartier-Latin Bohemianism of artists during a masquerade ball in a French château. On its première in London the conservative and often puritanical Era declared that "the printed word cannot describe the glamor of the dialogue."

Nothing has been said as yet concerning the production of "The Palace of Puck" in this country. If the piece should be presented this season Mr. Locke may surely feel richly, if somewhat tardily, complimented by American playgoers. As it is, his advent with two plays in a not too brilliant theatrical season may be regarded with lively interest. He is a new force in the complex art of playwriting.

H. T. CRAVEN.

Sarony

ISABEL IRVING
In Clyde Fitch's play "The Girl Who Has Everything"



White William Levis May Robson Harry Cowley Nina Saville

Act I. Aunt Mary wrathfully attacks Lucinda

SCENE IN "THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

The Psychology of Stage Clothes

SINCE Eve invented her fig-leaf trousseau clothes have been an instinct natural to women, but dressing has always remained an acquired art. On the stage as elsewhere, clothes are still made to cover a multitude of sins; and the greatest of these is the direful lack of artistic intuition.

In regard to their clothes, women of the profession are far more an interesting study than actors, who, as mere men, are the veritable slaves of their conventional tailors, hatters and haberdashers. Occasionally such players as William Faversham, George Cohan or Kyrle Bellew will flutter the matinée girl's heart with a rakish panama, an audible vest or a horsy paletot, but discounting such trifling idiosyncrasies, the transgressions against the psychology of clothes in male attire are few and far between, when compared with the latitude in feminine toilettes, which yawns as a pitfall for so many otherwise clever actresses.

In real life, women of different types, have certain characteristic ways of dressing which, if properly understood, usually prove to be the keynotes of their respective personalities. An actress of artistic temperament and intuition will tell you that to design gowns and wear them as would their counterparts in real life, is half the secret of character impersonation. Consequently, in choosing toilettes, an actress should select those that will most forcibly accentuate the psychology of the character she is to enact, while at the same time they will emphasize the salient and distinctive personality of the woman she intends to portray.

While lunching one day with Lizzie Hudson Collier, she reminiscently confided to the writer that Madame Janauschek found it impossible to faithfully and artistically portray the character of Nance Oldfield, unless she wore, as she always did in playing the part, coarse, unbleached muslin undergarments. This appreciation of the psychology of clothes, while it may seem so, is not extreme.

If, as many women will acknowledge, certain of their gowns will plunge them into appropriate moods, how true it must be, that the correct toilette will put a temperamentally sensitive actress psychologically *en rapport* with the rôle she is interpreting.

For instance, Katherine Grey in "Business is Business" played the daughter of an extreme type of parvenu not in Redfern's latest walking gowns nor Worth's *dernier cri* in evening toilettes, but in the clothes of a sincere, unassuming type of a thoughtful girl, who has tasted the bitterness of poverty, and upon whose mind her father's method of acquiring his wealth had preyed to the verge of morbidness. The gowns she wore were simple in make, even more quiet in color, and the absence of elaborate trimming and intricate design, which would have suggested an expensive dressmaker, proclaimed at once to the audience a phase of the hidden psychology of the character which Miss Grey so subtly portrayed.

The greatest exponents of the psychology of clothes on the modern stage are Mme. Réjane and Olga Nethersole. Mme. Réjane, in dressing a part, will express to a shade the exact environment, tastes, social position and even the moral character of the woman, whose soul-struggle she is interpreting. Olga Nethersole likewise reveals the grasp and subtlety of her art in the gowning of the various rôles she has created. As an example, contrast the two types of women she depicted in "The Labyrinth" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Both were society women albeit of different countries (still in these days gowns are much the same in New York as in London and Paris), and an ordinary actress, while differing her wardrobe somewhat in design, material and colors, would have dressed both parts in the same style. Not so Nethersole. In "The Labyrinth" she portrayed a woman of the *beau monde* in Paris, the daughter of an old, aristocratic family of the Faubourg St. Germain, who possessed wealth as well as position. Her gowns, all exquisitely beautiful—suggesting wealth and taste combined—were, however, so designed in material and color as merely to form a delicate background for the charming personality of the woman, whose inborn refinement, sincerity and inherited conventions clashed with her soulful longings for love and peace in her life. The woman appealed to you first; her gowns were like the aftermath of a delicate, haunting,

evanescent sachet. Such a woman could wear no other clothes.

On the contrary, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," she depicted Paula as a woman of taste and refinement, but hovering on the brink of the demi-monde. Her gowns were as exquisitely beautiful in themselves and of equally good taste, at first glance. On closer inspection the weak spot of Paula's character revealed itself in her clothes. Her gowns were designed for no other purpose than to attract the sensuous eye or invite lascivious admiration.

Why are Mme. Réjane and Olga Nethersole the leading exponents of dress on the modern stage? Simply because they intuitively understand the psychology of clothes and design their gowns accordingly. As famous dressmakers first study the precise type of a customer before designing a gown for her, so also an actress must, in dressing a part, design a gown that will not only fit her characterization physically, but will also psychologically clothe her interpretation of the rôle she is creating out of her soul and imagination. No dressmaker, however skillful, can accurately design a gown for a part when only the actress herself understands its subtle personality as she intends enacting it on the stage.

Why is it that we wiseacres smile in polite derision at the mustached villain who wears Louie Guttenberg evening togs when he intends murdering the hero and yet weep sympathetically with the heroine, who returns from London, with or without the "chi-i-i-ld" and begs forgiveness of her father, squeezed to the point of suffocation in a black or brown princess dress? Is it because we jealous women envy her the fit, her figure or the tyranny of her tears? Who will coax an answer from the Sphinx?

Speaking of princess gowns—shades of Amelia Bingham in "A Modern Magdalen"! In this particular version by Haddon Chambers, Miss Bingham impersonated the elder daughter of a poor family, living in the rear of a fourth-class tenement. She worked as a shop girl, while her mother took in washing to support a tippling, debauché of a husband. Miss Bingham made her first entrance into this curious ménage, pursued by the villian, because forsooth she was diked-out in the aforementioned brown princess dress. Poor girls are handy with their needles, sometimes, but the vast majority have to make the most of Ready-to-Wears, and it is only a Pearl among Dressmakers who can make a princess gown fit so that men will look at it twice, and that particular princess—! ! ! ! Dashes and exclamation marks do it scant justice.

For the sake of argument one might even concede that the girl in the play made her own gown, but even a tyro at dress would never have suspected her of manufacturing the corset that she wore underneath. The amount that the Modern Magdalen paid her corsetière for that particular pair of stays would have kept a family of four and a pet poodle in affluence for at least a month. Nevertheless the heroine compromised herself with a millionaire roué to support the family, when by economizing on Made-to-order Corsets she could have kept the family in luxury, to say nothing of saving her reputation. At that, "stayed as was the Modern Magdalen," any department store would have considered her a find for the corset department at thirty per! and girls have been known to exist on less, even in New York, and with a family depending on them. But of course any such solution of the problem involved would have queered Mr. Chambers' play.

Hall

MARIE DORO IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS"

In the all-star cast revival of "The Two Orphans," Grace George indulged in about as apparently inappropriate footwear on her first entrance as has ever been witnessed on the stage outside the realms of musical comedy. She was playing Louise, poor Louise, who had just arrived from the country. Her costume, otherwise, was simple, accurate and pretty, but I could not fathom where Louise discovered the country cobbler shop that kept high-heeled Louis Quinze patent-leather slippers in stock, nor how, in the depressed condition of her pocketbook, she had managed to pay for a pair that must have cost Miss George as much as ten or twelve dollars. Perhaps Miss George had never seen a pair of sabots, nor heard of them; or it may be that she tried them and they hurt her tender feet and were consequently discarded. Art for art's sake is an obsolete adage.

In her recent play, "Clothes," Miss George also missed the psychology of her part by the manner in which she gowned it. Reared in a set in which the women spend their time, money and brains on clothes, she recklessly plunges into debt to keep herself appropriately gowned. At the end of her resources she compromises herself with the villian-guardian by selling an old friend some worthless mining stock. With the proceeds of this sale she buys her last dress, in which she is to appear at a Circus Ball, and in which she intends to make the hero "feel the power of clothes"! In the third act of the play every woman in the cast and several of the men appeared in varied circus costumes appropriate to the occasion.

Enter Grace George!

Dressed in a cloth of gold gown, further embellished with

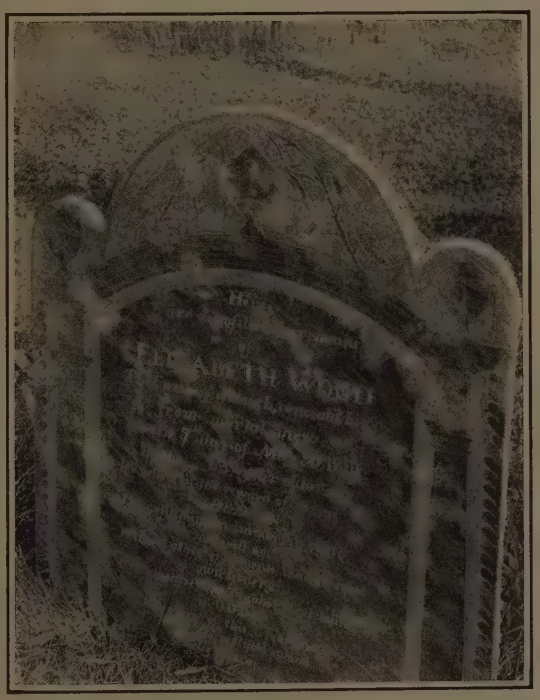
heavy gilt embroidery and blissfully ignorant that no one but a very, very *nouveau riche* would have chosen such a dress, for the simple reason that all the eagles on every dollar spent for it screeched its price, and at that it wasn't a circus gown for a Circus Ball. To be sure, it made the audience gasp! Some at the sum of money it represented and many at the poor taste its selection displayed. The girl Miss George was impersonating could never have chosen such a gown. She was too innately refined and had been too long associated with women who exercised the discreetest of taste with regard to their clothes. Again, if the gown were calculated to make the hero "feel the power of clothes," it must have been by the sheer weight of the bullion involved and not because of any subtle psychology of design or sensuousness of impression. As it was, Miss George, petite and blonde, was completely submerged in a shimmering, golden flood that would have required a Wagnerian prima donna of Fremstad's physique to carry it off with éclat.

Nearly every American who has ever been in London has spent at least one night at the Empire, which is the home of the classic ballet. The excellence of the Empire ballet has for many years been entirely due to an old lady who is known throughout Europe as Madame Katti Lanner. She cannot be far from eighty years of age, and yet in the photograph reproduced herewith it will be seen that she is still possessed of the activity of forty. Every morning when the sun shines—which is not very often in England—Madame Lanner may be seen in her garden dancing the pas de seul. She does this for exercise. She goes through the entire gamut of an operatic ballet before breakfast. "It is the secret of health," she says, "as well as the poetry of motion"

In the same act Selene Johnson wore a perfectly simple, yet ideally modernized Greek costume in pale blue and white, a palpable imitation of the portrait of a certain famous queen. Her coiffure, jewels and sandals were all in perfect accord with her costume. Upon her entrance at the top of a broad, red-carpeted stairway, she made an alluring picture to the artistic eye, and Grace George was completely overshadowed despite her bullion gown.

May Robson is the apotheosis of drollness in clothes, and yet even her endeavor to procure unique, caricaturish get-ups from real life goes for naught when compared with the unconscious efforts of an English character-woman who on one occasion played Lady Rosamund in "The Liars." While chumming with the ingenue of the company in her dressing room, the aforementioned character-woman confided to me that she was a member of an old, impoverished, though erstwhile aristocratic English family, and that the rôle of Lady Rosamund "was one of those in which she really felt at home!"

She was thinner than the Divine Sarah ever dared to be, and half a foot taller. Her gowns looked second or even third-handed, and were all bedraggled, clingy velvets or satins. In the first act, including other things, she wore a cobble chain, twice wound about her neck and dangling to her knees, from which, suspended in clattering array, hung vinaigrettes, vanity boxes and six other geegaws that made a noise like a tin-shop. On each of her attenuated wrists she wore fifteen—fifteen bracelets of varied shapes and dimensions. Withal she tried to be sinuous and only succeeded in looking as if she were rusty hinged in every joint. For the sake of appearing inconspicuous she rouged the insides of her fingers as well as her nails and looked as if she had just murdered the villain and hadn't had time to wash her hands. In the Country Inn scene of the third act she blissfully wriggled in on the stage, after a walk across country and preparatory to going boating, in a clinging demi-train pink satin dress with a lace yoke, a pink baby hat and GOLD SLIPPERS! No wonder the aristocracy of England has to go on the stage to recuperate financially.



In the old burying ground at York, Me., among the many quaint inscriptions on the tombstones, there is one especially curious. The tomb is supposed to be that of an actress. It reads as follows: "Here are deposited the remains of Elizabeth Wood. The curtain of death concealed her from mortal view on the 7th day of May, A.D. 1801, in the 23d year of her age. We believe (if the reward of virtue is Heaven) she will shine in immortal youth. She will act without other ornaments than Heaven's own scenery on a theatre whose maker and builder is God. To the Glory of this Great Author whose accomplished work She was"

Perhaps the most flagrant offense was perpetrated by Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry." In the first and last acts she conformed to the historical necessities, but in the other acts, despite the fact that the entire feminine contingent of her company was correctly costumed in white wigs, full skirts, paniers and hour glass waists, Mrs. Carter nonchalantly wore her own mass of hair coiffed in the same fashion that made her conspicuous in "Zaza."

LAURETTE VAN VARSEVELD.

THE THEATRES of LONDON

THE FAMOUS PIT WHERE LONDON PLAYS ARE MADE OR MARRED
Formerly the pittites sat on bare wooden benches but of recent years they have been made more comfortable. The above shows the pit at the Hicks Theatre

THEATRES in London carry their own atmosphere. This is the inevitable feeling of the New Yorker when first he finds himself in a playhouse in the purlieus of the Strand, and has an opportunity to compare it with those that line upper Broadway and adjacent thoroughfares. He snuffs British insularity as the outer doors open. To begin with, he misses the broad vestibule, sweeping away into a perspective of plate glass, red velvet hangings and brass railing, to which he is accustomed at home. Instead, there is a square lobby, usually of cramped dimensions, from which one looks directly into the foyer of the dress circle. All the newer theatres are constructed on this plan, the dress circle level with the street, and the pit and stalls below. The stalls, the lowest part of the auditorium, are deep in the cellar. From the lobby a short flight of crimson-carpeted marble stairs takes one up to the dress-circle entrance, while on either side, in an obscure corner, a hole in the wall leads down to the stalls. Through this hole the holder of a stall coupon dives. Then he goes sneaking through a long carpeted tunnel, broken by a few stairs at one point and a bend at another, until suddenly he emerges, bewildered, in the open, the crowded pit on his one hand and the stage on the other. The stalls are the most expensive part of a London theatre, but the approach to them is like that to the domain of the janitor in a Harlem flat-house.

The Englishman's dislike of noise and fuss is everywhere manifest in London, but nowhere more so than at the theatre. The business of getting in is all sounded in a minor key. There is no unseemly bustle. From the moment that the tall commissionaire—an ex-soldier, with perhaps two or three service medals upon his breast—ushers you in at the front door, you are in the hands of well-trained servants. It is as if you were an honored guest at a private house. Even the man in the box office beams you a welcome through his window, and the uniformed attendant seems glad to see you, in spite of the fact that brass buttons have a tendency to dry up the wellsprings of human kindness. He directs you smilingly to the mouth of the tunnel leading to the stalls. Here your ticket—a large, impressive document, printed on white paper, and resembling a tax receipt—is taken by a neat young woman, who has been waiting for you. Usually she is in black, with a dainty white apron, lace collar and cuffs, and an exceedingly *chic* little white lace cap. There are slight variations in this dress, as regards color, in different London theatres. In some the maids' frocks are of the prevailing tint of the interior of the house. Old rose is the hue in one theatre, and brown in another. Of course the maid has a pink and white complexion; five out of six London girls have.

Ellis & Walery
FRONT OF THE ROYAL BOX
Duke of York's Theatre, London, showing the royal monogram over the box

The gentle-voiced, soft-footed girl—a small bundle of programs hugged to her bosom with one hand and your coupons in the other—glides along the tunnel in front of you and your feminine companion, smiles you into your place, and murmurs: "Would you like a program, sir? Sixpence, if you please. Thank you, sir." She has handed you the program and two "Sirs" in a dozen words, pocketed her sixpence and melted away. Incidentally, let it be said that the program is worth the sixpence, for, unlike the exasperating

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MAURICE RENAUD
As he looks in private life

for a bass) and that of Boito's 'Mefistofele,' which also would interest me greatly, still less."

M. Renaud refused to admit that he had a favorite rôle.

"I have many," he said, with his engaging smile, "a great many!"

"Perhaps then the last rôle is always the favorite," suggested the interviewer.

"Yes," he laughed, "I think that is the truth. It may interest you to know, however, that I have been quite a Wagner propagandist in Paris, and that I created in that city the rôles of Telramund in 'Lohengrin,' the title rôle in 'Tannhäuser,' and, as one must sometimes sacrifice one's preference for picturesque rôles, that of Beckmesser in 'The Meistersingers.' I also appeared in the title rôle of 'The Flying Dutchman' when that work was given in Paris at the Opéra Comique."

Asked if New York were to have an opportunity to hear him in Wagnerian rôles, M. Renaud shook his head doubtfully.

"The Wagner operas are, I understand, to be given in German, and I do not sing in that language. I believe many regard it as sacrilege to give Wagner's operas in any other language, and I can understand that those of the Tetralogy, for instance, are so essentially German that they would lose by being translated."

Cautin and Berger, Paris
MAURICE RENAUD
As Herod in "Nazareth"

M. Renaud does not remain with us for the entire season at the Manhattan, but leaves at the end of three months for his Monte Carlo engagement.

ELISE LATHROP.

Operatic Novelties to Be Heard at Both Opera Houses

THANKS to the competition between the rival opera houses, New York will not suffer this season from a dearth of operatic novelties. For too many seasons patrons of the Metropolitan were given a repertoire with which they had been familiar for years. Mr. Grau declared that the operagoing public did not care for new works. Certainly he gave them but few. Mr. Conried, prior to the opening of the Manhattan, gave some notable revivals, and a few novelties, for instance his production of "Parsifal," but this year the list of novelties at both the Manhattan and the Metropolitan is a remarkable one.

The Manhattan has already given a revival of what was practically a novelty, Offenbach's operetta "Contes d'Hoffmann." The first actual novelty presented at this house, Massenet's "Thaïs," was described in this magazine last August, as also were Charpentier's "Louise" and Debussey's "Pélleas et Mélisande," other works new to this city.

From *L'Art du Théâtre*
SCENE IN MASSENET'S OPERA "LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME"

The Metropolitan boldly opened its season with Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur," quite new to New York, although sung last season in other American cities by the San Carlo Opera Company. In the third week this house also gave Mascagni's "Iris," styled a revival, although it might justly claim to be a novelty, since the few performances given with indifferent singers and orchestra under the direction of the com-

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ADELINE GENÉE

The dancer who has made a sensation in London and who will appear in this country this month under the management of Klaw & Erlanger

poser, during his unfortunate visit to this country five years ago made but little impression upon New York, and certainly could not be compared with the performance at the Metropolitan recently, with Eames in the title rôle and Caruso as the tenor. No more actual novelties are included in the Metropolitan repertoire for this season, since Giordano's "Siberia," mentioned last spring as a possibility, has been abandoned for the present at least.

But there are a number of revivals to be given, and among these is Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," which Mr. Hammerstein also announces. This work has never before been given at the Metropolitan, but the first New York performance was on November 13, 1897, at the Academy of Music, by the Mapleson Opera Company, and only one year after the work was copyrighted by its publisher, Edoardo Sonzogno, of Milan. The cast was as follows: Andrea Chénier, Sig. Durot; Carlo Gerard, Sig. Ughetto; Maddalena de Coigny, Mme. Bonaplata Bau; La Mulatta Bersi, Mme. Meysenheym; Contessa di Coigny, Mme. Parsi. Of these Mme. Meysenheym is one of the important vocal teachers of the Metropolitan Opera House School of Opera. The work was sung in London last season, with Sig. Caruso, of the Metropolitan, Mme. De Cisneros and Sig. Sammarco of the Manhattan, and Emmy Destinn, who may come to New York next year.

The libretto is by the well known Illica. The first acts opens in the castle of the Conte di Coigny, at the close of 1789. Maddalena and her mother, the Contessa di Coigny, receive their guests, among them Andrea Chénier, a young poet, who while offending the company by his revolutionary views, interests Maddalena. Carlo Gerard, a servant, becomes so impressed by them that he renounces his livery, and departs for an independent life. Act II opens in 1794. Carlo Gerard has already become a prominent man. Chénier, on the other hand, has incurred the enmity of a powerful judge. A friend urges him to flee, but he confesses that he is interested in some letters he has been receiving from an unknown woman. Meanwhile Gerard has deputed one of his followers to search for Maddalena, who has disappeared. She arrives to meet Chénier, being none other than the writer of the letters, and implores his protection. Her parents have been executed. Her former servant, a mulatto, has until then succeeded in hiding her, but now she is spied upon and no longer safe. Gerard's follower witnesses the meeting, recognized the woman he is looking for, and departs for Gerard. He arrives, quarrels with Chénier, who wounds him, but escapes with Maddalena. Act III shows the revolutionary tribunal. Gerard has recovered, and addresses the people. They announce to him the capture of Chénier, but Maddalena has not been found. She soon comes to plead for Chénier's life, and Gerard, who has already sent the accusation of Chénier to the judge, first insults Maddalena, then, overcome with remorse, promises to do all in his power to save his rival. The populace crowd in again, then come the judges and the accused. When Chénier's name is called, Gerard demands that he be allowed to defend himself. He attracts interest, and then Gerard himself speaks in his behalf, but in vain. Chénier is condemned to death and taken out by the soldiers. The fourth act shows the interior of a prison. Gerard escorts Maddalena here, for she wishes not only to see her lover, but bribes the jailer to let her take the place of one of the women prisoners, and die with him. A touching duet ensues between the lovers; Gerard, in a last vain hope, rushes off to try to see Robespierre, but day dawns slowly, and the accused are led out one by one and made to mount the fatal car. Gerard returns unsuccessful, and sinks down in despair as Chénier and Maddalena take their places in the cart, and it departs for the guillotine as the curtain falls. This work has been especially well received in Italy, and the tenor rôle is an especially grateful one.

At the Manhattan there are other novelties to be expected. In addition to those already mentioned are Saint-Saëns' "Helène," which, originally planned for last season, was postponed to this year. Mme. Melba will sing the title rôle, which she created when the work was first produced in Monte Carlo in March, 1904. The following July it was given at Covent Garden, still with Melba as Helène, and with Mme. Heglon as Pallas, Mlle. Blot as

(*Continued on page vii*)

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By ARNOLD DALY

WHEN my father, a cabinetwood importer, died it was immediately necessary for me to go to work for my keep. I was about ten years old, but the prospect did not disturb me. My chief sensation was one of delight that my schooldays were over. This delight was doubtless less than that of my teachers, for I had not been one of the good boys of the school. I was a kind of mental anarchist. I led six strikes for longer recesses and shorter study hours. The last one terminated when one of my allies was spanked by his mother on the schoolroom platform in full view of the school. The example was salutary.

MR. DALY
When Charles Frohman's office boy

School disagreed with my ideas of individual freedom and I was glad to "get out into the world." I tried being a cashboy at a department store in Brooklyn. One night I passed the store on my way to the theatre where I was playing in Brooklyn and I tried to calculate how many weeks I should have to work at the department store to earn what I was earning at the theatre in one week. My arithmetic, neglected in the days of my anarchy, failed me, but the result was a surprising one. It ran somewhere into the years, I know.

Fired with an ambition to earn more money I became a messenger boy and in this capacity I went to the Frohman offices. I carried a good many hundred letters and packages to the office and was there so much that I suppose they thought they would have little more of my society and a good deal more of my service if I were there all the time.

I was never quite certain as to whether Mr. Frohman ran that office or I did. I am inclined to think I did. Julius Cahn tried to remove that idea by discharging me every evening. Mr. Charles Frohman always took me back the next morning.

Of my accomplishments as an office boy the most brilliant was my ability to clear out the office. I would arrive in the morning and find the office crowded. My associate—he was a colored boy—couldn't cope with the crowd. I took off my hat and overcoat with a lordly air and got to work. In five minutes the office would be empty.

"Mr. Jones," I would say, for example, to the first. "Ah, yes. Mr. Jones. I will see if Mr. Frohman can see you."

Generally I went into Mr. Frohman's office, turned right around and came out again. He didn't look up from his desk. No one had spoken.

"Mr. Frohman is sorry that he is too busy to see you this morning" I would say. So one after the other departed and the office was cleared.

I had been in the office about a year—I was then sixteen—when I began to think of being an actor. At first I thought I couldn't become one, for I would sit before the mirror, for a half hour at a time, and glaring at myself, conclude that my face was totally without expression. Of course it was. I had stiffened my features into a mask, as though they were frozen and, staring at them, decided they had no expression.

But determination overcame my fears. I concluded to be an actor anyway. But the office was obdurate. It was even humorous. Indignant I left the office to its fate.

MR. DALY
In "The Arms and the Man"

It was Fanny Rice who gave me my first chance. She engaged me as property man with her company and let me play small parts. I was the worst property man that ever smashed a trunk. The smallest first part was as an English butler in "The Jolly Squire." I had a chance as an actor later in "Missoula." Then I joined a stock company at the Grand in Brooklyn at nine dollars a week. The nine dollars not walking on the day that salaries resurrect, I haled my manager into court and got judgment against him for the amount. I don't recollect finally getting it, but justice had triumphed in a measure.

Agnes Herndon took me with her to play an English dude in "Married, Not Mated," and a flip drummer in "La Belle Marie." When I came back to town after that tour Julius Cahn deigned to look upon me without laughing at thought of my being an actor. We buried the hatchet. He engaged me for the road company of "Aristocracy." Next season I joined "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and Helen Dauvray engaged me to play in "That Sister of Mine."

My chance came when Edwin Knowles told me to see the manager of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and tell him that Edwin Knowles had sent me to get the part of Chambers. I didn't know at that time that Chambers was the leading part. If I had known it I would not have had the nerve to call. It was another instance of the deep bliss that lies in densest ignorance.

The manager accepted Mr. Knowles' judgment and engaged me for the forty weeks' season. I had to borrow the money to take me over to Dayton, Pa., where Mr. Frank Mayo

MR. DALY AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER

was to rehearse us. On the way over I met members of the company. They asked me what part I was to play.

"Chambers," I answered. "The leading part."

They didn't say much, but they looked a great deal. I didn't blame them, for the thoughts that were facially expressed. In those days leading men were hired by the inch. They had to be very tall, very broad-shouldered, very handsome. I was an anemic little wretch, and I knew it so well that I consoled myself all the way from the hotel to the barn, where we were to meet Mr. Mayo with the thought: "Well, they've got me here. They'll have to pay my way back to New York."

To my amazement Mr. Mayo did not cry out at sight of me. We proceeded quietly with the rehearsals, and to my further surprise he didn't tell me not to come back next day. After we had rehearsed several days, he said to me: "You make too many faces. You mustn't do that. You are too clever to do those things."

By way of answer I choked. That such a great man as I knew Frank Mayo to be should consider me clever overwhelmed me. I screwed up courage enough a day or two afterwards to tell him of my fears that he wouldn't keep me in the company because I was not big enough for a leading man.

"I don't care how you look, my boy," he answered. "I only care how you act."

Mr. Mayo did not spare his rebukes when they were needed. He rebuked me often until the smarting stears stung my eyes. Once a kindly old friend of mine interposed.

"Don't stop him," I said. "Don't interrupt him. I want to hear him, for what he says is good even though it hurts."

I had not been rehearsing a quarter of an hour with Frank Mayo before I discovered that when he talked he was saying something worth hearing. I always listened. Some of the actors in that company didn't listen. Those actors who didn't listen are getting the same salaries now they got then. That is the trouble with actors. They don't listen. Begin to instruct them and they interrupt you with a superior smile and answer: "Yes, yes, I understand. I know what you mean." But they don't understand. They don't know what one means. That is the reason the profession is cursed with so many incompetent members.

Hall

ELSIE JANIS IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Frank Mayo was a great friend. He was the first big thing that ever came into my life. I loved him and he loved me, although I didn't know it until after he had died. He was a very reserved man, and he had never spoken of his affection for "the Daly boy" to the boy himself. A friend told me of it after his passing. He died on the way from Omaha. His death was the first solemnity in my careless, boy life.

The lessons I learned from him are still a part of me. "What a pity, boy, that we can't pass on our experience to others to save them what we have borne," he said. "But we must learn some lessons for ourselves. No one can teach us those lessons."

"It is a pity, Mr. Mayo," I used to answer, suspecting that the solemn words had to do with my gambling and drinking. That sober headshake and melancholy face have come before me many a time since, not always before some error, I admit, but always afterwards — always.

After leaving "Puddin' Head Wilson" because the management's views on salary, and my own, disagreed, I joined Billy Barry in "John Bradley's Money." Afterwards I played with a stock company in St. Paul. The next engagement was with the road company of "Secret Service."

With "Too Much Johnson" I went to London and appeared at the same time with Annie Russell in a curtain raiser called "Dangerfield."

I had now achieved the ambition and the revenge I threatened when I left the Frohman offices. I was an actor in the Frohman management. But the vengeance was not sweet upon my tongue as I expected in my dime novel reading days. Time and the commonplaceness of routine destroys many sweet flavors.

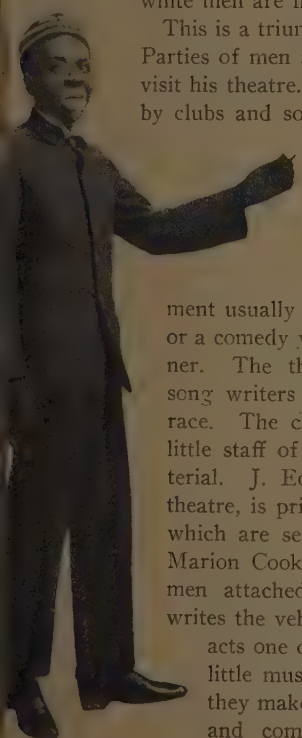
In "Because She Loved Him So" at the Madison Square Theatre I played Tom Weatherby. I left that to create the rôle of the crazy lover in "Barbara Frietchie" with Julia Marlowe.

(*Continued on page iv*)

CHORUS IN ACTION AT THE PEKIN COLORED THEATRE, CHICAGO

The Only Colored Stock Theatre in America

THE old Southern apothegm that negro blood alone spells comedy is being aptly and entertainingly proven by the daily performances of one of the most unique stock companies, housed in the most unique little theatre in the world. The Pekin Theatre and its colored company in Chicago is the only stock organization of its kind in existence. It is a curious little theatre, clean and honest and wholesouled in its entertainment, that sprang into existence last season in the fringe of the levee. On the stage, in the pit, in the office, every man and woman is of negro blood. It was founded by a negro for his own race, and yet so excellent and so simple and refreshing is the performance on the stage that the thirty boxes set apart for white men are filled every night.



HARRISON STEWART
Leading man

This is a triumph for Robert T. Motts, its founder. Parties of men and women of the best white society visit his theatre. Sometimes the house is bought out by clubs and societies, but the white man comes to the colored man's theatre, is welcomed humbly, and entertained royally.

The performance is peculiarly original. There is a change of bill each week, and the entertainment usually takes the form of a musical comedy, or a comedy without music built in the Hoyt manner. The theatre possesses its own librettists, song writers and playwrights, all of the colored race. The change of bill each week keeps this little staff of writers busy turning out fresh material. J. Ed Green, the stage manager of the theatre, is principal author of the book and lyrics which are set to music by Joe Jordan and Will Marion Cooke. Green is one of the most active men attached to the enterprise. He not only writes the vehicle and manages the stage, but also acts one of the chief comedy rôles. What the little musical comedies lack in consistent plot they make up in singing and dancing numbers and comedy situations of marked drollery and humor. The legitimate comedies are less interesting, for it is in singing and dancing that the company excels. The most successful bills, "The Mayor of Dixie," "Queen of the Jungle," and "My Friend from Georgia" fairly ring with melody, sung by full-throated golden voices, danced by the nimblest feet on the boards.

The stock company is made up of fifteen principals and a chorus of forty. Fully six comedians, playing character parts, appear each week. The colored man comes to the theatre to laugh, and the comedy is not successful unless the laughs are frequent. Harrison Stewart, the leading man, is a youth, scarcely twenty years of age, a plow-hand from a Virginia plantation, and a recent student in the Booker T. Washington Industrial School. Stewart is a great favorite, especially in comedy old men, which he essays with convincing skill. The women are graceful, well-groomed, well-schooled and strikingly handsome. They have their little vanities in makeup, and though the glare of the footlights scarcely changes the appearance of their dark satin skins,

PEARL BROWN
Singing comedienne

MISS LENORA KIRWIN
Recently seen in "A Knight for a Day"

nevertheless they daub their cheeks in rouge and white face powder, bleach their thick, black tresses to copper tints and mimic their white sisters in all but good taste. Yet their splendid ringing voices have no peer among choral organizations, and their slender ankles few rivals in eccentric dances.

An interesting feature to the white observer is the audience itself, which usually packs the little theatre to the doors. It is a warm-hearted crowd of men and women, their white teeth gleaming in ready, persistent laughter. No quip of the comedian, no expressive sentimental song, no touch of humor goes without prompt reward in applause. Like children, they enter into the fun of the hour. Many a sly jest at the frailties of the race is received in the blandest good humor. Many a satirical thrust, intolerable from a white man, is met with indulgent shrieks when delivered by their own comedians. It is evident they understand their own weaknesses and limitations, and the satire of their theatre is an evidence of their sincere efforts to rise above them. As a kindly satirist of his own race, J. Ed Green is inimitable. Each week he picks out some foible of the negro to turn to ridicule. His childishness in a bargain, his love of games of chance, his vanity in dress, his adoration of tinsel and titles, all these are turned to gentle absurdity before the negro's eyes. In this way, the theatre has become a new school for the colored man, in which he may view himself in his struggle for social emancipation.

The executive staff of the theatre is as complete as any well-organized stock playhouse in existence. No white man's name appears on the payroll in any capacity. The theatre is scrupulously clean, neat and tasteful. It seats 900 persons. The house boasts an innovation in the way of a physician, constantly in attendance. As an enterprise it has been a success. It has gone far to prove the negro a born entertainer. It is a laudable step in his own growth and progress—one more step in his independent fight for a place in the world.

LUCIE FRANCE PIERCE.

MISS RUTH BAINE
Seen lately in the "Two Little Girls" Co.

Rose Melville—the Feminine Denman Thompson

ROSE MELVILLE

ROSE MELVILLE, who this season begins her twelfth year of impersonating "Sis Hopkins," promises to go down in stage history as the feminine Denman Thompson. Just how many times Mr. Thompson has appeared as Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead" has never been computed; but he has been playing the part almost continuously for over thirty years. Curiously, the character of Joshua Whitcomb was not seen for the first time in the New England classic, nor did Sis Hopkins originate with the play of that name.

In 1894 Edward E. Rice produced "Little Christopher," an extravaganza, at the Garden Theatre. Shortly after the première Mr. Rice was one day visited by two young girls who told him they had an act which they wanted him to see and which they thought would serve as a special feature for his new show. So one afternoon Rose and Ida Melville were given a chance, the audience being composed of Mr. Rice and his manager, Edward E. Price. The specialty was called "Two Little Jays from Indiana." After the girls had completed their performance, Mr. Rice engaged them, agreeing to pay $150 per week for the act, When presented before a New York audience, the Hoosier girls made an astonishing hit. Rose, the younger of the two, did all the singing and dancing, while Ida, who had an astonishingly long neck, simply gawked about the stage. It was not long before the town was talking about and running to see the Melville sisters.

The notion at the time was that the Melville sisters were a couple of green country girls; but in point of fact they were well-trained actresses, and had given "Sis Hopkins" a try-out before making a descent upon New York. Twenty-five years ago the Ida & Pearl Melville Stock Company was an institution in the West. In 1889, Rose, the younger sister, was attending school at Franklin College, Indiana, and during her vacation visited her sisters who were then playing in Ohio.

ROSE MELVILLE AS SIS HOPKINS

Needing an extra person, Rose was coached by her sister Pearl, an excellent actress and stage directress, and at Sidney, Ohio, the future "Sis Hopkins" made her début as Arthur Sterling in the "Queen's Evidence." Little Miss Rose proved unusually proficient, and so did not return to her studies.

During the three years that followed Rose Melville became conversant with sixteen rôles and twenty-two songs and dances. Some of the parts she played at that time were Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Louise in "The Two Orphans," Fanchon in "Fanchon the Cricket" and Tad in "The Black Hand." In 1891 the Melville Sisters split, Pearl forming the Melville Stock Company, which is still in operation and touring Texas, while Ida and Rose organized a stock company under the name of The Ida & Rose Melville Stock Company. The two sisters were very successful; but after three years they decided to have a try "on Broadway," the ambition of every actress. One of the plays presented by the Melvilles was called "Zeb," by Samuel Young, husband of Ida. In the last act of this play there was introduced a gawky country girl who was impersonated by Rose. And this was the origin of "Sis Hopkins," whom Miss Melville has now impersonated continuously for twelve years and with astonishing success.

Bangs

MLLE. DAZIE AS SALOME IN "FOLLIES OF 1907"

During the two years following her engagement at the Garden Theatre, Ida Melville having retired from the stage, Rose Melville was featured as Dolly Bond in Glen Macdonough's musical comedy, "The Prodigal Father." In this play Sis Hopkins was introduced as a specialty in the last act. In 1898, when Matthews and Bulger were seen in "The Sad Sea Waves" at the Herald Square Theatre, Sis Hopkins was introduced as a special feature. After the better part of a season in this play, Miss Melville appeared for eleven weeks in vaudeville in a sketch by Carroll Flemming, called "Sis Hopkins' Visit."

Miss Melville now decided that a three-act play, with Sis Hopkins as the central figure, should prove a success. Mr. Flemming, who wrote the vaudeville sketch, was commissioned to write a play, which when completed was called "Sis Hopkins." During the past few years several dramatists have been commissioned to write her a new play; but none of these has been produced for the reason that the only way "Sis Hopkins" could play to an increased business would be by enlarging the seating capacity of the theatres where she appears over the country. Miss Melville calls South Bend, Indiana, her home. She is one of the largest property holders of the town. X. Y. Z.

Franz Lehàr—the New Waltz King

IN response to a request from *Tips and Tales* Franz Lehàr, the new waltz king and composer of the famous "Merry Widow," has given the following interesting details of his career:

I am a knapsack child. That is what they call in Austria-Hungary the children of soldiers who follow their parents from one garrison to another. My father was a son of a farmer, but he did not care for that vocation, preferring instead to fiddle on his small violin. After a term as musical director in the army he married and I was born in 1870.

My mother often told me that in my infancy I was generally considered a "Wonder Child." Even as a four-year-old boy, I could always find to each melody the right accompaniment on a piano. When six years old I composed my first song and dedicated it to my mother. At eleven years of age I left home to go and study at Sternberg and a year later I became a student of a conservatory at Prague, my principal instrument being the violin. Director Bennewitz was my teacher. Those were hard days. I had little money and worked hard. It often happened that I fainted in the street from hunger. But when my mother came to see me once in Prague, I did not have the courage to complain. My teacher noticed that I was neglecting the violin and he advised me to study with Dvorak.

FRANZ LEHÀR
Composer of "The Merry Widow"

In 1887 I submitted to Dvorak two compositions, "Sonata Al'Antique" in G major and "Sonata Al'Antique" in G minor. Dvorak looked at my work and said, "You're wasting your time. Hang your fiddle on the wall and devote yourself to composition." This was sound advice. But my father insisted on my becoming a first-class violinist. In 1888 I graduated from a conservatory, after which I accepted the position as first solo violinist. My salary was 150 marks (about $35 a month). I composed many songs and also had some financial difficulties. At that time I made my first attempt in the musical dramatic line; the name of the opera was "Der Kurassier." On November 28, 1896, my opera "Kuska," later called "Titiana," was produced for the first time in Leipzig, but was not a success. I was now tired of composing operas and decided to try the lighter operettas. In this field I was more successful, as "The Merry Widow" has proved.

After peace was declared

Tom Wise as a frail "Pocohontas"

Before peace was declared

The Great Clambake of the Huckleberry Indians

THE Huckleberry Indians of the New York Athletic Club and their brethren, the Flub Dubs, of Larchmont, held their annual pow-wow on Huckleberry Island, near New Rochelle, recently. This year's entertainment included the performance of an Indian play written by Clay M. Greene, the well-known dramatist, entitled "Pocahontas, or Ye Gentle Savage," some of the parts being taken by prominent members of the Players' and Lambs' clubs. A picturesque and unique show was given and the affair thoroughly enjoyed by all those privileged to witness it. The pictures accompanying the present article are of special interest owing to the fact that for the first time photographs were permitted to be taken. For these photographs we are indebted to Mr. Henry W. Pinner.

The piece dealt with Indian life, love, tomfoolery and other wild things, says a writer in the *Sun*. Though the first turn in the day's doings was billed for 12 o'clock, the Indians were early astir and by 11 o'clock the wigwam was alive with the braves dusting up their feathers, tomahawks, spears and war paint. Hardly had they donned the regalia when the lookout on the cliffs gave the word of an approaching craft. It was the motor boat *Thic,* owned by Whitney D. Lyon, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and it brought the advance guard of the Flub Dubs. On other boats came the lesser Dubs, and all were rigged specially for the occasion. Costumes were there representing every cycle of American life, from the Pilgrims to anywhere afterwards — broad hats, velvet breeches, topcoats and coats with the belt in the middle and ornamented with tinsel.

Harry Morant George Hughes

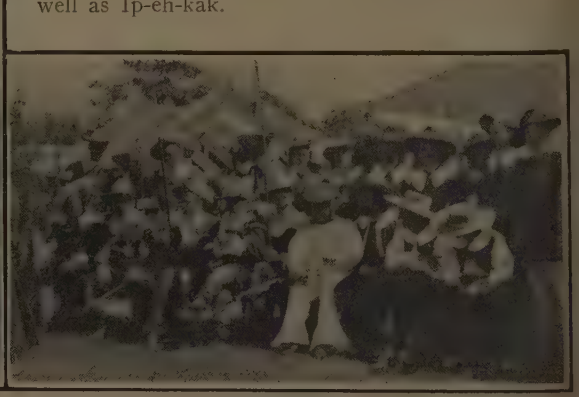
"Bob" Kammerer as Capt. Kidd C. H. Liebert

On the shore the Flubs were welcomed by the Huckleberries, headed by Big Chief Ruddee, and to celebrate their landing there was a band contest for noise between the Indian musicians and the Flubs, all of whom were armed with megaphones fashioned and keyed like cornets. Frank Daniels, the actor, with "Handy Andy" whiskers and arrayed in a white duck suit, was the loudest player for the visitors.

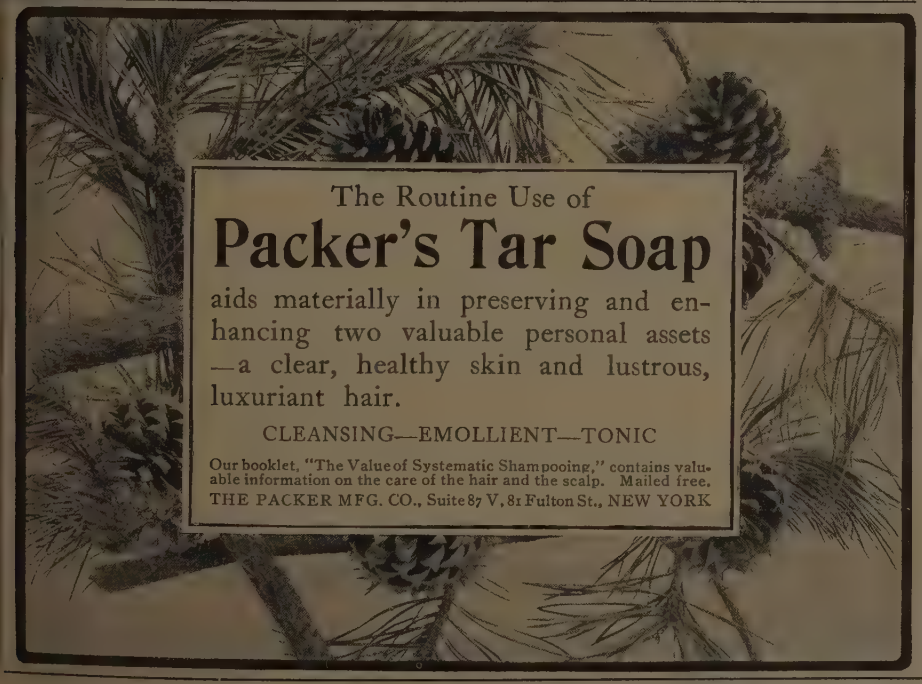
Greetings being exchanged, there was the procession through the woods to the Royal Tepee and firewater again and again. In the cast of "Pocahontas" the Lambs' Club and Players' Club were well represented. Powhatan, chief of the Tuscaroras, was handled by George W. Barnum, and Forest Robinson did justice to Captain John Smith. Martin W. Smith portrayed Rolfe. Edwin Forsberg represented O-po-til-doc, Roy Atwell Col-o-gog and William Greene Jingo. Tom Wise had a difficult task, in acting Pocahontas, and so had Norman Thorpe with Poo-tee-pet. Big Chief Ruddee was Sas-sy-pril. Wampum Keeper Bob was Kod-liv-roil and Medicine Man Sam Stewart Kalomel. Charles Stopanetti made up well as Ip-eh-kak.

Scene in the play "Pocohontas"

Sachem Jack Jones



A group of Larchmont Y. C. Flub Dubs with Frank Daniels in the center



Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

F. E., Bretton Woods, N. H.—Q.—Please give the original cast of "2905 or To-Morrow Land," now called "The Man from Now." A.—Rockenegie, Reuben Fax; Prof. Forcasts, Edward B. Martindale; Jack, Wm. C. Weedon; Dobbs, J. Clarence Harvey; Waffles, Clayton White; Van Sittart, C. L. Nicholson; Delsherrico, Frank Ranney; Dora, Christie MacDonald; Gasolina, Helen Hale; Edna, Grace Cahill; Matricula, Helen Marvin; Constable, Lucy Tonge; Culinary Girl, Bessie Dunne; Henderson, Frank James. Q.—This season's cast of "The Earl and the Girl"? A.—Jim Cheese, Eddie Foy; Dick Wargrave, Harry B. Lester; Elphin Haye, Elsie Moore; Strong Arm Woman, Jessie Leseur; A. Banker Bliss, Frank Lavarnie; Lizzie Shodham, Zelma Rawlston, and Daisy Fallowfield, Nellie McCoy, were the principal members of the cast.

R. B., J. B., etc.—Q.—Where can I obtain copies of "Strongheart"? A.—We doubt if you can. Write to the author, Mr. De Mille. Q.—Of "The Heart of Maryland"? A.—Also doubtful. Write Mr. Belasco.

Subscriber, San Francisco.—Q.—Did Effie Ellsler ever play Glory Quayle in "The Christian"? A.—Not to our knowledge. Miss Viola Allen played the rôle in a number of cities.

S. X.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Walter Hale? A.—No.

Franklin La R.—Q.—See above answer. Q.—What new plays did Mansfield present in 1907? A.—He produced for the first time in this country Ibsen's "Peer Gynt."

D. L.—Please print the cast of "The Lady Shore" as the play was produced about two years ago. A.—When produced in this city in 1905 the cast was as follows: Edward IV, Robert Loraine; Richard, John Blair; Edward, Suzette Corrigan; Richard, Ory Dimond; Sir Marmaduke Neville, Fred Erie; Sir Richard Radcliffe, Edward R. Mawson; Sir William Catesby, William Temple; Bishop of London, John Wallace; Master Rufford, William Bonelli; Will Spencer, Daniel Jarrett; Matthew Shore, George Soule Spencer; Master Hobbs, Wm. L. Branscombe; Gilbert Josselin. Chas. H. Crosby; Mistress Hobbs, Alice Cobourn; Alison, Jane Gordon; Kate, Lane Lloyd; Bib Meg, Elizabeth Brock; Jane Shore, Virginia Harned. Q.—Who was Grace George's leading man in "Pretty Peggy"? A.—Robert Loraine. Q.—In "Abigail"? A.—Joseph Coyne.

C. C. A., Hutchinson, Kan.—Q.—Have you ever printed anything concerning a Russian soprano, Mme. Michaelena? A.—A picture of Vera Michelena, a young San Francisco singer appearing in 1904 in "The Man from China" appeared in this magazine for May, 1901. The singer you refer to is a grand opera artiste well known in Russia.

G. W. B., Deland, Fla.—Q.—Where can I get Leland Powers' recitation: "When My Ship Comes In"? A.—We suggest your writing to Messrs. French, of this city, the well known dealers in plays.

Reader, Detroit.—Q.—Please give me information about the New Theatre, of New York? When will it be completed, and who will be its manager? A.—See articles in the August, 1906, and September, 1907, numbers of this magazine.

V. A. G., Mobile.—Q.—Did Adelaide Thurston ever play "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—Not to our knowledge. Q.—Are "Merely Mary Ann" and "Polly Primrose" the same play under different names? A.—No. Q.—Have you published a picture of Walter Hitchcock? A.—No.

A Constant Reader, Rock Island, Ill.—William Norris was born in New York in 1870, educated at the Cosmopolitan and Boys' High Schools of San Francisco, Cal. Only amateur appearance on the stage was as the Frenchman in "Esmeralda." Professional début in 1892 in "The Girl from Mexico" under management of J. M. Hill. First important rôle Bauerstock, in Chas. Frohman's New York production of "His Excellency, the Governor" in which he played his original rôle last season when it was revived with Ethel Barrymore. Has succeeded in straight comedy, tragedy—played with Otis Skinner in "Francesca da Rimini"—and in musical comedy, such as "Babes in Toyland," "The Land of Nod," "Tom Jones."

A. J. L., Biloxi, Miss.—Q.—Please give cast of "Quo Vadis" which toured four years ago? A.—As there were several companies it is impossible to know to which one you refer. The play when produced in this city in 1900 at the Herald Square Theatre, using the Jeannette L. Gilder version, had the following cast: Petronius, E. J. Morgan; Ninicius, John Blair; Nero, Robert Fischer; Tigillinus, F. B. Bridgeland; Chilo, F. J. Currier; Lucan, Wm. Herbert; Glaucus, Willard Simpson; Aulus, Harrison Armstrong; Father Linius, Myron Calice; Croton, Howard Truesdale; Hasta, Robt. L. Gemp; Vitellius, W. V. Ranous; Vestinius, F. Husted; Gulo, Jos. Damery; Little Aulus, Little Arthur; Lygie, Bijou Fernandez; Pomponia, Hattie Russell; Eunice, Grayce Scott; Poppoea, Minnie Monck; Miriam, Anna Barclay; Acte, Engle Sumner; Lygia, Jane Marburg; Culvia, Gertrude Magill; A Slave, Dollie Thornton.

R. E. C.—Probably the version of "Francesca da Rimini" to which you refer was by Geo. H. Boker, which, given in this country as early as 1856, was used by Lawrence Barrett. Both Salvini and Ristori played in an Italian version of the story. D'Annunzio has written a drama on the theme as have Stephen Phillips and Lawrence Irving. Q.—Please give correct pronunciation for following: I Pagliacci? Ee Pal-lee-ah-chee. Der Freischütz, Dare Fry-shuttz. Q.—Peer Gynt, hard or soft g? A.—Hard.

E. P., West End, N. J.—For a copy of "Our Boarding House" write Messrs. Samuel French, this city.

A. B. C.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Maurice Freeman? A.—No.

Cleveland, O. and R. G.—Original girls in the "Florodora" Sextette were: Margaret Walker, Vaughan Texsmith, Marie L. Wilson, Marjorie Relyea, Agnes Wayburn and Daisy Greene. Four of the men were Edward Gore, Joseph Walsh. Thos. A. Kiernan and Jos. S Colt. Q.—Where and with whom is Laura Nelson Hall playing? A.—She is now at the Madison Square Theatre. Q.—Have you published a picture of her? A.—Yes, July, 1907.

L'Aiglon.—Brief accounts of Messrs. Montgomery and Stone have already appeared in this column. Miss Aline Crater has been a member of a number of comic opera and musical comedy companies, her latest New York success being in "The Red Mill."

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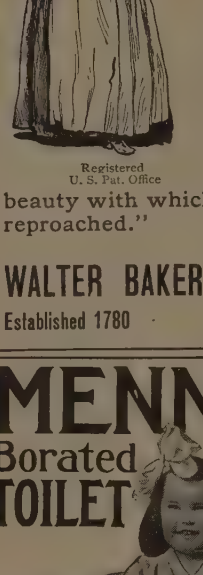

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My Beginnings

(*Continued from page 26*)

From this to the French opera singer in "Myself and Lady," then the drunken actor of fifty-five in "Are You a Mason?" then the juvenile in The Lyceum, then back to London to play the nephew in "When We Were Twenty-one."

Then came a year of failures, with Amelia Bingham in "Lady Margaret," Elsie De Wolf in "The Way of the World," "Hearts Aflame," and "The Bird Cage," Elsie De Wolf in "Cynthia," then "A Fool and His Money," and "A Girl from Dixie" and "Major André."

A worse season of experiments never sent one broadside of discouragement after another into an actor.

I found myself at the end of this seemingly endless chain of ill fortune with $350. A friend with me, also an actor, had $400. Between us we raised $600 more. With this wealth behind us we began our "Candida" matinées. At the first matinée I lost all of my original $350. But we didn't stop. We gave another matinée. This time our losses were lighter. At one performance we were the richer by eighty dollars. Another netted us $110. Then came the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago and the fire scare that followed all over the country. It drove us from one theatre to another, then to town halls, above livery stables, until we could get the Berkeley Lyceum—which I rented from my old employer, Charles Frohman—into shape for performances.

Then the tide turned. American audiences became interested in the work of George Bernard Shaw. They demonstrated that they cared for a serious play. I have always had faith in the intelligence of the public. I have always found that it could be depended upon. If beginnings in the sense of struggles for success are ever over while a man lives probably mine ended with the successful production of the Shaw plays. One intense source of gratification was a note of praise from Duse.

Besides the lesson in listening which I have told of, I deduce from my experiences that poverty is a young actor's best friend. I am glad I was very poor. I have often known the pangs of hunger, although for that extremity I blame myself for having spent money too foolishly while I had it. But the poverty of my youth, which would not permit me to wait six months for a part I wanted to play, but which forced me to play any part that offered, was a mighty friend. It drove me to play many parts, every sort of part. Whether I happened to like it or not was not of the slightest consequence. Urging me on along the road was the goad of necessity, emphasized by my responsibility for the support of others.

I believe that if an actor have the right dramatic material in him nothing can suppress it. If circumstances succeed in suppressing it it is because there is nothing to suppress.

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Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is now no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

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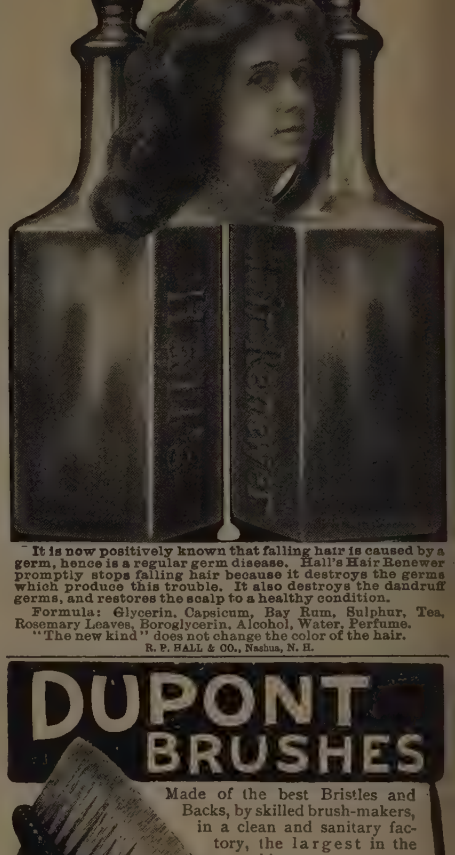

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New Plays in Paris

The latest sensation at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, where they make a specialty of dramatic horrors, is a piece which presents in stage form the terrors of the eruption of Mount Pelée, in Martinique. The play is called "Terre d'Epouvante" and the authors are André de Lorde, who wrote "At the Telephone," and Eugene Morel.

The melodrama, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, is nothing more nor less than three acts from the terrible catastrophe. In the first act, the governor of St. Pierre, Roussel, warned of the possible eruption by the report of his engineers and the frantic dispatches from various planters, refuses at first to increase the panic by taking any measures of precaution. But the crater becomes steadily more and more menacing. We see it in the distance—the black smoke curling upward thicker and thicker. There is an occasional explosion, remote yet uncannily present. The heat becomes suffocating. Roussel finally resolves to leave his house and go whither duty calls him, to the side of the mountain, where the danger seems greatest. He kisses his daughter and leaves by boat. He has barely disappeared when the sky darkens, and with a terrific rumble of thunder, the volcano breaks into full eruption. Smoke, stifling gases, shrieks—nothing is lacking. For scenic realism, this spectacle cannot be surpassed.

Some unhappy prisoners have been forgotten in their cell under the court house. They are hungry. The night seems a century long. They wonder why. What can have happened! Suddenly the light of their lantern flickers and goes out. This is too much. Terror-stricken, they hurl themselves against the door of their jail. It quakes, it yields, it crashes down and the prisoners see a horrible thing; their guard stands upright, burnt crisp, amid torrents of smoke. This smoke invades their cells, and one by one the unfortunates fall asphyxiated.

The third act is hardly more cheerful. A priest wails his lamentations over the disfigured victims. The Governor, saved from destruction by having gone to sea, curses Heaven because his daughter, his all in all, has perished.

Unfortunately for the authors, the spectator knows how the piece is going to end the moment the curtain rises. It deals with history. The impression is powerful, unforgettable, but it is horrible and the horror is too long-drawn-out. But there are doubtless enough lovers of the horrible in Paris to make the piece a success. And, as already intimated, the spectacle is wonderfully staged.

What a relief to witness afterward a comedy by Tristan Bernard, "Monsieur Codomat." The leading character is the manager of a number of flat houses. He is smugly vain and rather unscrupulous. The pretty Clotilde, who lives just above him—she is a lady of unconventional morals—summons him to see about some repairs. He hates to go, of course, but it is his duty. Clotilde likes the looks of this smug business man. She takes him into her confidence and tells him that she has 30,000 francs which she doesn't know how to invest. Codomat melts immediately. Later, he consoles his wife for his frequent visits to the floor above, by telling her how profitable to himself is the management of this little fortune. And later, when Henry Lafauvette, the wealthy youth, who right along has been the best friend of the fickle Clotilde, wishes to marry Codomat's daughter, Codomat is righteously indignant.

"What," cries Codomat, "would you cast off poor Clotilde without a cent?"

No, good-hearted Henry says he will give Clotilde a life income of 10,000 francs. It is to be presumed that Codomat will later apply this money also to the family revenues much as he did the revenues from the 30,000, for he gives the young Henry his consent and his blessing.

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Let the actors enter, with their ideas boiling over, their nerves strung to the highest pitch, and let the public suggest to each the action or character to be mimicked. Let a dozen different ideals be impersonated, then real, true and original talent will be revealed, new ideas will be discovered, which will no longer be guided by the author and stage manager and theatrical director, but which will be free, untrammeled and no longer ready-made emotions.—*Yvette Guilbert in Le Figaro.*

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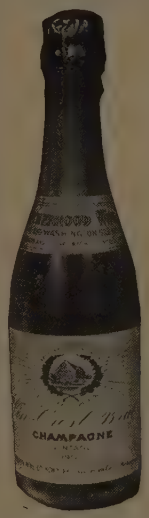

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Stage Favorites in Automobiles

(*Continued from page 8*)

party of friends for a run through Central Park.

C. B. Dillingham, the theatre manager, has been a motorist for years, preferring a fast run in his machine even to horseback riding, in which

W. T. Hodge in his 90 H.-P. Six-Cylinder Austin

he is also expert. Frank Wilstach is another manager who takes delight in automobiling.

Clyde Fitch, the well-known dramatist, spends

Lina Abarbanell in her Electric Runabout

the greater part of his summer vacation automobiling in Europe. Last summer he was five months touring France and Germany in his auto-

Lenora Kirwin in her 1908 Wayne

mobile, and completed the manuscript of his latest play, "Bluff," while on the motor trip.

X. Y. Z.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Allow me to express my great enjoyment in your magazine, which, I know, is shared by all its readers here, and in my winter home in Alabama.

Yours more sincerely,
MISS T. SPRAGUE,
BROOKFIELD CENTRE, CONN.

To the Editor of THE THEATER MAGAZINE:

In reply to your correspondent H. C. K., of Cincinnati, as to the whereabouts of Mr. Bassett Roe, I am able to inform him that for some years past Mr. Roe has been in Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's Company in England, and he is with them still. Yours very truly,

H. COOPER CLIFFE.
PLAYERS' CLUB, New York.

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advertising pamphlet, with the characters, scenes and other information about the play sandwiched in among tooth-powder, whisky and shaving-soap puffs on several pages, to which New Yorkers are accustomed, the London theatre program is a comely article, with the program proper printed across the two middle pages, and the advertisements elsewhere, so that you are not obliged to read them, whether you desire to do so or not. The maid having gone, to pilot someone else, there you are in your seat, calm and comfortable, and you hardly know how you got there. The lady by your side, for whom you are responsible, is unruffled, both as to dress and temper, and as she has not worn a hat—hats or bonnets not being permitted in the stalls—she knows her hair is all right. One *may* get to a seat in the middle of a row in the parquette in a New York theatre in just as good order, but certainly with not so much ease, as a rule.

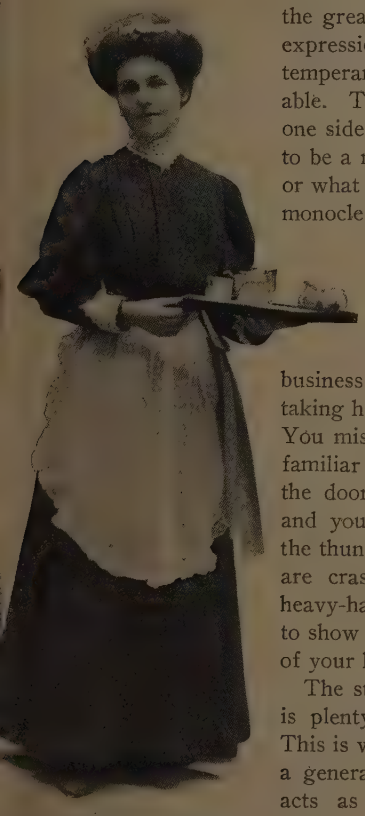
Ellis & Walery, London
THE KING'S DRAWING ROOM ADJOINING THE ROYAL BOX, DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

The serene deliberation and good temper of everybody is in marked contrast to the hurly-burly at a Broadway theatre as the audience assembles, particularly if the play is attracting a large attendance. No one is hurried. Each attaché in a London house seems to have time to receive you as an individual, and not as a mere unit of the great public. It may be simply an expression of the British phlegmatic temperament, but the fact is indisputable. There is no crankiness on either one side or the other. If there happens to be a misunderstanding about a ticket or what not, the Englishman adjusts his monocle or pince-nez and looks appealingly and in silence at the theatre representative until the matter is straightened out. The British playgoer's attitude is that it is not his business to correct mistakes when he is taking his pleasure. Everything is quiet. You miss that sharp snap of tickets so familiar in New York as the man at the door rends them viciously in two, and you are almost lonesome without the thunderous banging of seats as they are crashed down by the perspiring, heavy-handed youth who condescends to show you where you are to sit in one of your home theatres.

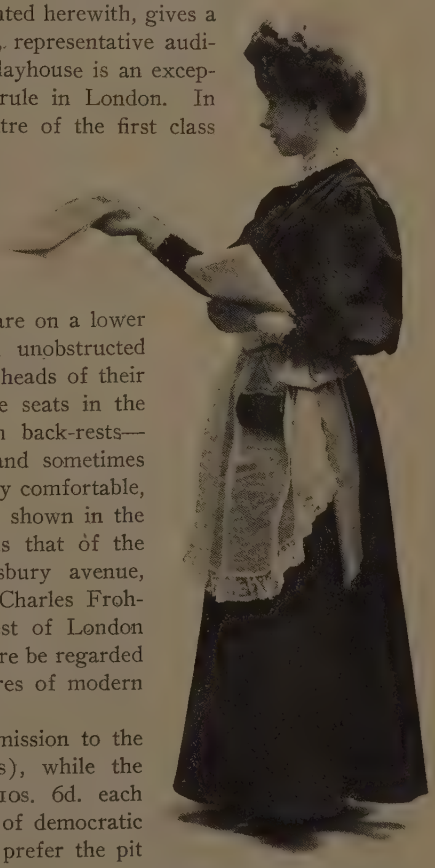
The stalls are wide chairs, and there is plenty of space between the rows. This is well, for, while there is not such a general exodus of men between the acts as in America, a certain percentage of restless masculinity feel it incumbent to go out for a cigarette in each intermission. There is no center aisle, so the uneasy individual must go out at one end of the row or the other. A slim young man can perform the feat without seriously disturbing his neighbors, however, and even a stout one can contrive to get through. Of course, it is not pleasant to have people pushing past one's knees, but the annoyance is so minimized in the newer London theatres, that it can be borne with something approaching equanimity. In some of the older West End houses, the nuisance is as bad as in New York.

At the back of the stalls is that truly British institution, the pit. There have been spasmodic attempts to abolish it, but the pittite has risen in his wrath and raised such a how-de-do each time the suggestion has been made, that the average manager has not been inclined to face the storm, and the pit remains. In one new theatre, however, the Playhouse, at Charing Cross, near the Embankment, opened a few weeks ago, there is no pit. It is more like a New York theatre than any other in London. The reproduction of a flashlight photograph taken on the opening night, presented herewith, gives a capital view of the interior, representative audience and all. The pitless Playhouse is an exception that only proves the rule in London. In every other important theatre of the first class the pit occupies a large portion of the space which in New York would be given to the parquette. It is divided from the stalls by a high wooden partition, and as the stalls are on a lower level, the pittites have an unobstructed view of the stage over the heads of their aristocratic neighbors. The seats in the pit are long benches, with back-rests—sometimes of plain wood and sometimes upholstered. They are fairly comfortable, but not luxurious. The pit shown in the accompanying illustration is that of the Hicks Theatre, in Shaftesbury avenue, under the management of Charles Frohman. It is the very newest of London playhouses, and may therefore be regarded as embodying all the features of modern theatre-building in England.

The average price of admission to the pit is 2s. 6d. (sixty cents), while the stalls, just in front, are 10s. 6d. each ($2.50). Some Londoners of democratic sentiment declare that they prefer the pit



TEA GIRL IN A LONDON THEATRE



GIRL USHER IN A LONDON THEATRE

INTERIOR OF THE PLAYHOUSE, A NEW LONDON THEATRE, SHOWING THE ABSENCE OF A PIT

to the stalls, because, they say, the perspective is better. This is worth mentioning, for the comfort of New Yorkers who may grumble when compelled to occupy rear seats in the parquette. Let them revel in the "perspective," and be content.

When you go to spend an evening in the pit, at some London theatres, mainly those in the suburbs, you may enter in one of two ways. It is a matter of choice—and threepence. You may present yourself at what is known as the "Early Door," to which a painted sign with these words directs you, and where, on paying threepence in addition to the shilling which is the regular price of a ticket, you are admitted fifteen minutes before those who have not paid the threepence; or you may take your place in the line along the curb, waiting for the "Ordinary Door" to be opened. There is no threepenny premium required at the "Ordinary Door," but those who go in that way find that the "Early Door" people have all the best seats. The "Ordinary Door" patron may pay his shilling in good faith, after waiting for an hour or more in the street, thinking his patience entitles him to a good seat, but he will be extremely lucky if he gets it. The system is a peculiar one, and would cause a riot if introduced to a gallery audience in New York. It is simply a "hold up," though the pittites stand it, and even defend it—those who can afford the extra threepence. But it is rather hard on the poor folk who can hardly squeeze out even a shilling to gratify their dramatic cravings. To an American it looks like what Hoyt's negro used to say of office-seeking in Washington, "a mighty po' business." This sort of thing is not done at the West End theatres, where there is a "flat rate" of two shillings and sixpence for a pit ticket, as a rule.

Among other differences one observes between London and New York theatres is that in the former the floor of the auditorium is practically without a slope, while the stage is very much up-hill from the footlights. Even in America the stage is "raked" slightly, as can be seen by the way a ball, bottle or other cylindrical object will roll toward the orchestra if carelessly dropped upon the floor. But in London one could "coast" from the back wall to the footlights, if the floor were iced, with no more impetus than that afforded by the steep slope. As the stage is built in this way, it is unnecessary to give a pitch to the stalls and pit, which therefore are almost on a level floor. In New York the parquette inclines so sharply toward the stage that the ushers make a skating-rink of the centre aisle. The London manager asserts that he can get a more effective "picture" with his sloping stage, talking learnedly about "high lights" and "shadows," but it must be hard on dancers, I should think. Moreover, I have yet to see a more finished stage tableau in London than some of those presented by David Belasco, Henry Miller, Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and others of our leading New York producers. So far as the convenience of the audience is concerned, there is no difference. You see as well from the rear of the lower floor in a London theatre as in one in New York, and *vice versa*.

One other respect in which the London stage differs from the American is that in nearly all London theatres the "prompt" is on the left of the stage, while in America it is usually on the right. This is a matter that the audience knows nothing about, but it is embarrassing to a London or New York stage manager who is suddenly called on to direct a performance away from home. It means that the curtain bell, the telephonic connections to various departments, such as the flies, the cellar, the property room, the dressing rooms, etc., as well as the electric light cabinet, are on the opposite side from that to which he is accustomed, and he is almost as awkward as an American who drives a horse and carriage through London's streets for the first time, and finds that he must keep to the left, instead of to the right. He may get through without a collision, but it is only by the exercise of the greatest vigilance.

MISS ADELE CARSON
As Maude Weston in "Strongheart"

Dress is rather an important consideration when one goes to the stalls or dress circle in a London theatre. In New York one dresses as one pleases, but in London there are hard-and-fast rules, broken only often enough to prove them. In the stalls and the first two rows of the dress circle evening dress is *de rigueur*, and ladies usually are *décolleté*. To the American the frank display of bare shoulders is startling, for, accustomed as he is to seeing such toilettes in private boxes in theatres, as well as in the "Diamond Horseshoe" at the opera, he is not used to them in the parquette. In the stalls the lady in a "high-neck" gown is the exception. She is never seen in the front rows of the dress circle. Of course, the men are in the solemn black-and-white, masculine evening dress being more generally worn in theatres in London than in New York. It is the full "claw-hammer" regimentals, too. The short dinner jacket, or "Tuxedo," is not popular. When an Englishman goes to the play, he feels that it is a social sacrament, in a way, and he regards "swallow-tails" as indispensable as a "gibus," or opera hat. Gibus was the name of

(*Continued on page viii*)

Scenes in Alfred Sutro's Play "John Gladye's Honour"

Photos White Mr. Hackett

CLOSE OF ACT I

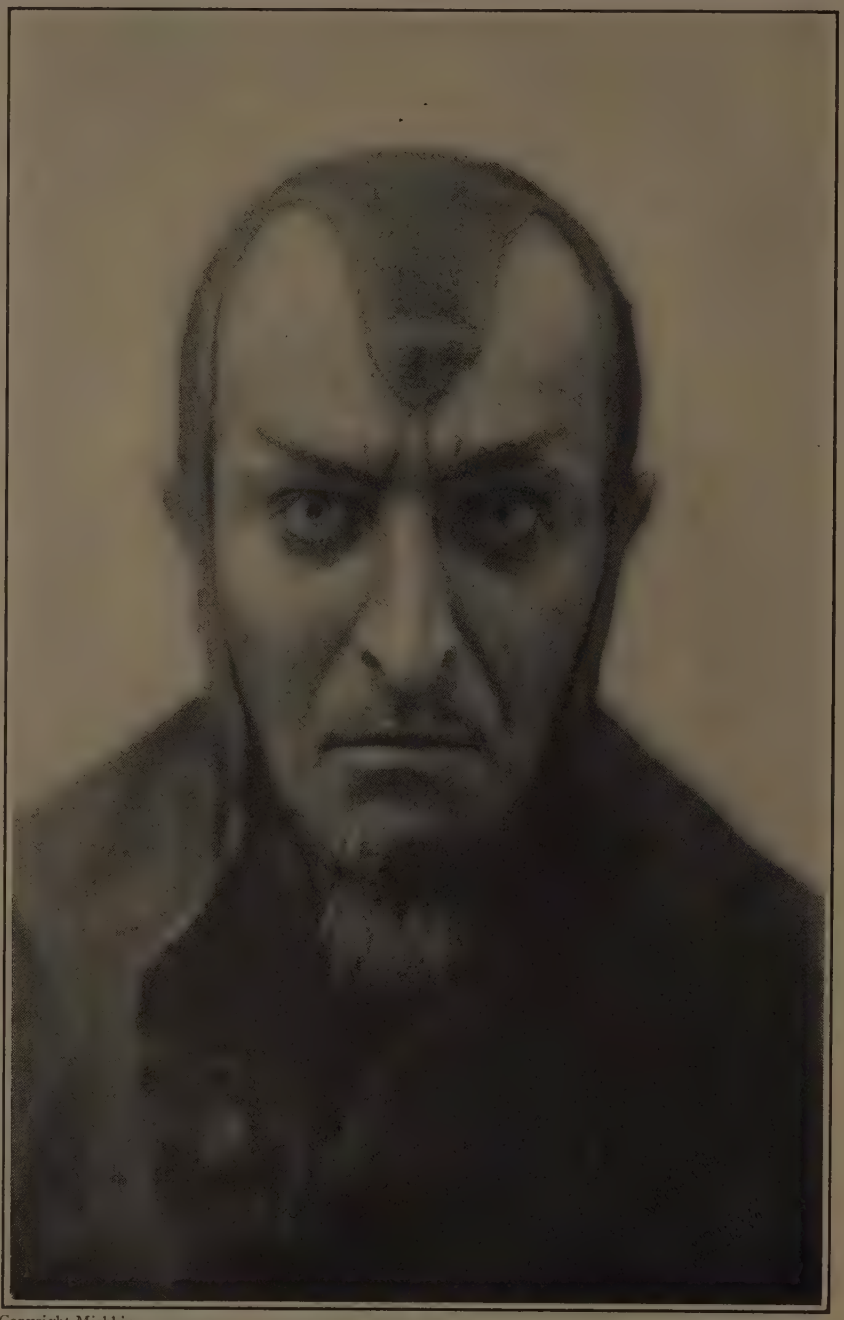
Mr. Hackett Miss Darragh

ACT III. MURIEL: "YOU FORGIVE ME, DON'T YOU, JOHN?"

William Selter Mr. Hackett Miss Darragh

ACT IV. TREVOR LERODE'S STUDIO. MURIEL: "TREVOR, HE'LL KILL YOU!"

The Art of Maurice Renaud



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MAURICE RENAUD AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST"

ANYONE who has seen M. Renaud on the stage only as Mephistopheles, in "The Damnation of Faust," for instance, or in the three rôles impersonated by him in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," would surely fail to recognize the artist were he or she suddenly brought face to face with him in private life. Perhaps, after seeing the former opera, one fancies its principal singer a grave, somber, deeply thoughtful individual, intensely serious at all times. He meets a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, boyish-looking man, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and a fascinating smile and manner.

During his too brief stay in this country last year, a most trying period, for he was ill almost half the time, and never fully recovered from the effects of influenza before sailing away to more genial climates, M. Renaud made a tremendous impression upon all who heard him in "Don Giovanni" and "Rigoletto," but he was never able to display his art to its full advantage. This year his appearance in "The Damnation of Faust" intensified this first impression, for in this opera the singer is at his best, and voice and art combine to cause a veritable sensation. His impersonation is far removed from any of the various devils with which other singers have made us familiar. This devil is grave, somber, tragic, yet perhaps more strikingly than any other trait did one feel the intense weariness, the cynical hopelessness of the character. Here was a devil who did evil with no apparent delight in it, more as though impelled by a force stronger than himself, with absolute foreknowledge of the inevitable result, with an air of aloofness from it all, especially noticeable in the scene where he watches Marguerite steadily holding her back from entering the church to pray, absolutely conscious of his power, yet with no pride in it.

In the novelty, Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," the artist scored another triumph. For those who have not seen the opera it may be well to state that M. Renaud impersonated three rôles differing as widely as possible one from another. The first one, that of a garrulous old man, whose Alsatian French was a delight to the initiated, and an additional comedy touch, gives much opportunity for acting, and the quantity of spoken dialogue in this the second act showed M. Renaud a gifted comedian; the second rôle was that of a stately, dignified and elegant Venetian nobleman; the third that of a wild, half-frenzied, half-fiendish doctor, and it was difficult indeed to realize that all three were the same man.

"In writing his 'Damnation of Faust,'" said M. Renaud to the writer, "Berlioz has chosen certain tableaux from Goethe's poem to illustrate his music. There are many aspects of this character of Mephistopheles in Goethe's play, but it seems to me that the time is past for presenting him as repulsive, or giving him an appearance in which he could not be seen on the streets of Nuremberg without attracting too much attention. He must be not disguised, but an odd yet possible personage, some one who could pass through the crowd as a doctor, a student, an oddity, but not too noticeably so. Then, too, since he compels mankind to do his bidding by the mere power of his will, there is no need of large gestures, of apparent force. Rather than a doubting spirit, he seems to me to be one who affirms.

"The Berlioz character differs absolutely from that of Gounod's. The latter is rather the character from an operetta, a traveling 'drummer' who utters witticisms. Were one to change the name of Gounod's opera, take the garden scene, for instance, transform Dr. Faust into, let us say, Leander, Mephistopheles into Crispin, Marguerite into Isabelle, and Dame Martha into Lison, one would have veritable opera comique, and delicious as music."

"I confess that I have often been tempted to try the Gounod rôle, but the music does not lie in my voice (since it is written

Novelties at the Opera Houses

(Continued from page 24)

Venus, and Alvarez as Paris, under the direction of M. Leon Jehin. The work is in four acts, both words and music being by Saint-Saëns. The first act opens with a sumptuous festival in the palace of King Menelaus, with dances and songs in praise and honor of the divinely beautiful Helène, the queen. This scene suddenly changes to a rocky coast, with the sea breaking on the shore. Helène flees from her palace, and comes hither to entreat the gods, and Zeus in particular, to protect her and deliver her from the incessant pursuit of Paris. Her entreaties are in vain. Venus reveals herself to the "traitorous beauty who pretends to escape from love," and denounces her. Paris comes to Helène, and his ardent wooing tempts her to yield. In vain does Pallas appear and threaten the audacious lover. He wins the fair queen.

Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," which also was first produced at the Monte Carlo Theatre, that favorite theatre of opera singers, will be a novelty for New York. After its Monte Carlo première in 1902, the work was given at the Opéra Comique, Paris, two years later. It has the unique distinction of being the only opera ever written without a prima donna. In fact no women sing in the opera save in one chorus.

Gaston Paris first published the story under the title: "Le Tombeur de Notre Dame," and Anatole France developed it under its present title. From his book Maurice Lena wrote the libretto. The opening scene shows Jean, a poor juggler, performing his tricks for a crowd of men and women outside a convent. He is an odd, simple creature, almost half witted, and sings a song, *Alleluia de Vin*, in which are mingled the names of Bacchus and Christ, Venus and the Virgin in a manner which so scandalizes the prior of the convent, although Jean himself appears quite innocent of intentional blasphemy, that he comes out and orders the performance stopped. The juggler is quite overwhelmed, and finally the prior, to whom he explains his poverty, relents to the extent of telling him that if he enter the convent and pray earnestly, his crime may be forgiven. Having no place to go, no shelter, Jean accepts the offer, and the convent doors close behind him. Act II. shows the monks at their various occupations, destined each to glorify the Madonna. One is painting, another composing music, a third a poem, etc. All have some art save poor Jean, who is treated with contempt by the monks. Finally the poor creature wonders why his one accomplishment, his tricks and songs, may not too serve to glorify the Madonna, of whom he hears so much. He resolves to make her his offering of his humble talent. Act III accordingly opens in the convent chapel, where the statue of the Virgin, her arms folded, is prominent. Hither comes Jean, and begins his odd performance, but with simple reverence. Hither come two of the monks, and stand watching him, unseen by the juggler, and almost too shocked even to cry out. Just as their indignation has at last overcome their scandalized silence, and they are about to rush upon Jean, and drive him from the building, the statue opens her arms and stretches them out to the poor creature, who falls overcome at her feet, while the amazed monks cry: "A miracle!" In Paris the rôle of Jean was taken by the tenor, Marechal, that of the Prior by Allard, while to Fugère fell that of the young Brother Boniface, with some excellent vocal opportunities. It will be interesting to see how New York will receive this most curious opera.

The final novelty at the Manhattan will be the Spanish opera, "Dolores," by a young composer, Breton, Spanish despite the French sound of his name. As yet only Spain has heard this, the first Spanish work in years that has held the boards in that country. Other works are occasionally given in the provinces, in the smaller theatres, but this opera pleased Madrid, and its composer is looked upon as probably the coming great Spanish composer. Mr. Hammerstein is secretive about the work, for he wishes it to surprise New York, but this much he was willing to tell. The theme is not unlike that of Carmen; there is a bull fight scene in it. Costumes and scenery have been made for him in Madrid, by the same people who made them for the original Spanish production in Madrid two years ago. It is in three acts and Mr. Hammerstein was delighted with it when he heard it in Spain. Mlle. Gerville-Reache, the contralto who has already made such a favorable impression upon the Manhattan audiences, will create the title rôle, and with her will be associated Camille Borello and Carlo Albani. E. L.

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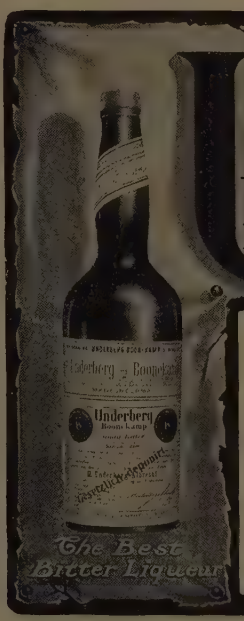

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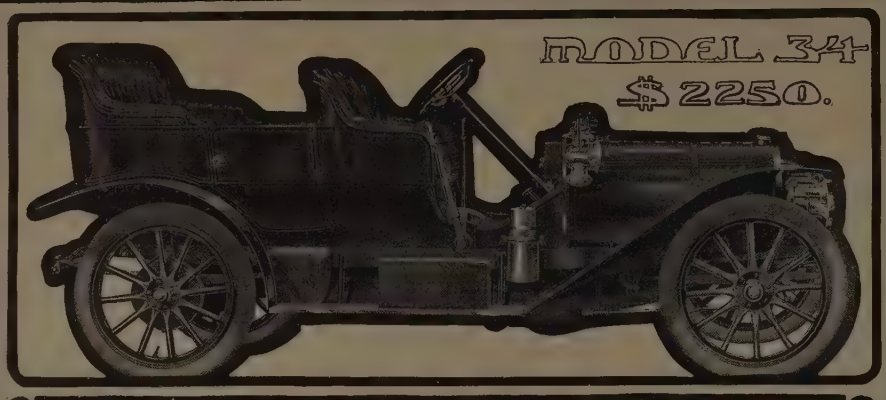

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The Theatres of London

(*Continued from page 20*)

the Parisian who invented this useful article of dress, I am told.

You are expected to become hungry and thirsty when you attend the theatre in London. Perhaps this is due to the fog. I don't know, but offer this merely as a suggestion. At all events, there is a British custom which is not likely ever to obtain in New York. It is that of serving hot tea, coffee and chocolate, with sandwiches, thin bread-and-butter, cake and similar comestibles, to the audience in their seats between the acts. One of the dainty, white-aproned maids brings the whole lay-out on a tray, and places your cup of hot tea, coffee or chocolate on a little shelf made for it at the back of the seat before you. Your plate of bread-and-butter, sandwich or cake is also put on the shelf, and you fall to valiantly. The rattling of cups and saucers and plates, and the appetizing odor that is wafted through the auditorium, must be simply maddening to a person who is hungry and unable to attract the attention of the maid. That sometimes happens. It is like trying to get hold of the ice-water boy in a Broadway theatre on a hot night.

At matinées tea is always the beverage. Exactly at half-past four every afternoon the average Englishman wants his tea, and wants it badly. So does his wife. You find the cozy tea-tray then in offices, counting houses, editorial rooms, shops, courts of justice, public buildings, banks and private houses. At that hour London fairly reeks with the fumes of tea. Why should one be deprived of tea because one is at the theatre? "Ah, indeed, why?" echoes the manager. So tea is served to the occupants of stalls, dress circle and boxes without their being required to move, while in pit and gallery it is dispensed in an ante room at a counter like those with which New Yorkers are familiar in "quick lunch" emporiums.

Royal personages in England are fond of the theatre, as they have been from the days of Shakespeare and before. In every fashionable London theatre there is a "royal box." It is an ordinary private box, on the dress circle tier, when used by ordinary people. But, when King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra, or any of the royal family, either of England or some other country, choose to occupy it, a door of communication is opened to a suite of rooms, where the distinguished party can spend the entr'acte. Through the courtesy of Mr. William Lestocq, general manager in London for Charles Frohman, and of Mr. James W. Matthews, business manager of the Duke of York's, I was permitted to inspect at my leisure the royal box of that theatre, and the private drawing room used by the king and his family. The box is next to the stage, on the right-hand side of the house, and will hold about four persons comfortably. Should the King desire it, the partition between his box and the next can be removed, throwing the two into one, and making a spacious *salon*, large enough to accommodate all the monarchs of Europe together. It is draped with special hangings when occupied by royalty, but at other times the usual decorations of the house must suffice. Opening from the box is a small room supplied with a desk, writing materials and two telephones, so that the King can speak to Buckingham Palace or any other place he desires, or write a note, if he likes. A well-appointed toilet-room adjoins the small writing chamber. The drawing room is a large apartment, with a cheerful open fireplace, comfortable chairs, tables, stands, pictures, books and other accessories to give it a homelike aspect. It is, of course, luxuriously carpeted, and strictly private. The King has said that he regards it as one of the most comfortable rooms he ever was in.

Very little ceremony attends the going of a royal personage to a theatre. A Mr. Ashton is the official who looks after the whole affair. He is told as early in the day as possible that the King or some of his family or guests will attend a certain theatre in the evening, and Mr. Ashton immediately lets the manager of the house know. Then, if the royal box has already been sold to someone for that night, the manager telephones or waits upon the person, and represents to him that it will be a great favor to the management if he will give up his box and take another. Mr. Matthews told me that he never has known a case where this was refused. The holder of the box, who, having paid for it, could keep every royalty out if he chose—in theory—always yields his rights, not only readily, but willingly. It is well that he does, because if he didn't, the manager would keep him out anyhow, and tak

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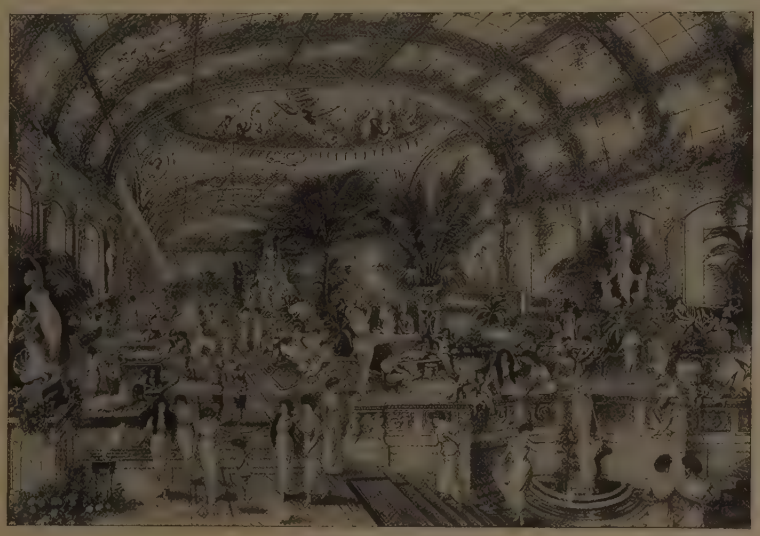

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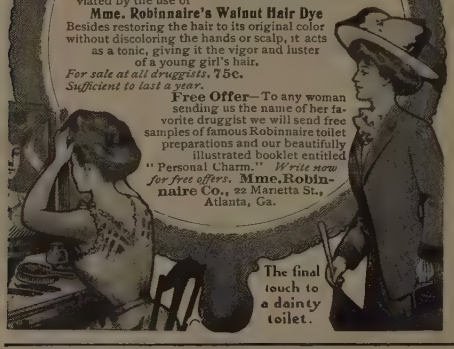

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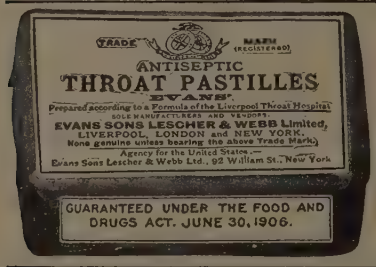

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chances of the outcome of a lawsuit afterwards. Mr. Matthews admitted that to me. This point settled, one of the exit doors, never used for the admission of any patron of the house except a royal one, and which communicates by a corridor directly with the royal box, is placed in charge of an attendant, who sees that everything is spick and span, and, about half an hour before the royal party arrives, superintends the putting up of an awning from the curb to the entrance. Large bouquets of choice flowers are placed for the ladies, together with specially printed silk programs, edged with heavy gold fringe, which are laid over the front of the box, ready for use. No announcement in public is made. Indeed, every precaution is taken to prevent it being generally known that royalty is to be present. The carriage dashes up to the awning, and the King, or whoever it may be, is whisked through the corridor and into the box before anyone knows he has come. There is one box which must be passed to gain access to the royal box in the Duke of York's theatre, but the occupants of that box are always requested to keep the door closed until the royal party has passed. How hard it must be for the box party to accede to this request can be imagined, especially for the feminine members. Bluebeard's chamber could not have been a more powerful stimulant to curiosity than the knowledge that the King is going right by your door, separated from you only by an inch plank. Yet I was assured that no one had ever tried to peep at the King from this box, no matter what may have been the fierce mental struggles within. It may be remarked that the King always pays for his theatre tickets, as does all royalty. GEORGE C. JENKS.

The Story of Chartreuse

Several hundred years ago among the rugged mountains of Dauphiné, near Grenoble, in France, the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) began the manufacture of their celebrated liqueur called "Chartreuse." In 1901 the French government expelled them from their monastery, taking possession of all the property and permitting the official Liquidator to foist upon the public, through a dealer in wines and liquors, an imitation of the famous old liqueur, the secret formula for which was known only to the monks. This decoction called "Chartreuse" was put up in the old bottles with the old labels under which the original cordial had acquired world-wide fame and reputation, and since 1904 a very limited quantity of it has actually been sold in this country. In 1905 the Carthusian Monks, having meanwhile settled in Spain, brought suit to restrain the sale of the spurious or imitation "Chartreuse," the result being an injunction prohibiting the sale of any liqueur under the old label not made by the Carthusian Monks save in conjunction with a label reading:—"This liqueur, although made at the Grande Chartreuse in France, is not made by the Carthusian Monks, but under the direction of Mr. Lecouturier, appointed liquidator of their property after their expulsion from France,"—which, of course, had a tendency to condemn the article in the eyes of the public.

Since the confiscation of their property and expulsion from France, the monks continue the manufacture of their liqueur at Tarragona, Spain, using the secret recipe or formula, having taken the same with them from France to Spain, and employing identically the same ingredients used by the order three hundred years ago. This delicious nectar, when made in France, was called "LIQUEUR FABRIQUEE A LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE," but since the establishment of the monks at Tarragona, they have adopted a new label, which reads—"LIQUEUR FABRIQUEE A TARRAGONE PAR LES PERES CHARTREUX."

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References (by permission): Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Clansman"; Mr. Benjamin Chapin, author of "Lincoln" (both students of the school); Mr. Bronson Howard and others.

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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 5)

BELASCO. "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA." y in 4 acts by William C. De Mille. Produced . 3 with this cast:

eneral Warren, Frank Keenan; Ruth Warren, Emma n; Agatha, Charlotte Walker; Arthur, Cecil de Mille; Master Richard Story; Betty, Mary Pickford; Miss ly Hatton, Mrs. Isabel Waldron; Gen. Griffin, Wm. Vay; Gen. Harding, DeWitt Jennings; Gen. Carr, Allen Martin; Lieutenant Burton, C. D. Waldron; ce, U. S. Secret Service, Raymond L. Bond; Corporal eyster, Stanhope Wheatcroft; Zack Biggs, Frederick son; Billy Peavy, Willard Robertson; Tom Dabney, h Kellard; Sapho, Mrs. Chas. G. Craig.

play dealing with incidents of the great fratdal struggle between the Northern and South- States must always have interest for the pubapart from the intrinsic merit of the piece or skill with which the dramatist has managed situations. It has been the fashion of late rs to deride war plays as being out of fashion. truth is, no subject is too old, if the treatnt is new. "The Warrens of Virginia" deals h the starvation side of warfare. The period just before the close of the titanic struggle, first act showing a wood between the Federal Confederate lines. General Warren, one of 's commanders, is holding the Federals in ck. His men, ragged and starving, are reed to extremities. Nothing but the arrival of expected supplies train can save them.

General Warren, ill, obtains permission to pass Federal lines to go to his home. His party is ted by Lieutenant Burton, a young Federal offi, who before the war was in love with General rren's daughter Agatha. The General asks the ng man to come and see them. When Burton s for leave of absence, his superior officers ask n sarcastically if he is aware there is a war ng on. Then, seeing that they could, with Bur-'s help, lead the supply train into an ambush, y give permission, but only on condition that rton allows himself to be taken prisoner with e despatches on his person. Burton indigntly refuses to be party to the trick, but his eriors insist that it is his duty, as it may mean ending of the war.

On this incident the whole play hinges. Burton caught, the despatches are found, and the old , General Warren, falls into the trap. Incitally, the daughter Agatha is mixed up in a rming and dramatic way with the action. She s to shield Burton by hiding the despatches in slipper, but when the trick is discovered and rton is to be shot as a spy, she turns on him a wounded panther for the insult he has done woman's pride. This act, which should be strongest, is really the weakest in that it mises to lead to an intensely dramatic close. e audience is keyed up to believe that when old general finds he has been cruelly duped by man to whom he has given his daughter, nething terrific will happen. As a matter of , the curtain is comparatively tame.

David Belasco has brought to the play all the ources of his genius for detail. The "business" *mise en scène*, to the slightest particular, is nderfully realistic, and no doubt he also is rensible for the charming scenes of domestic life the Southern home of the early sixties—little nan touches in which he is a past master. Charlotte Walker, who combines uncommon od looks with much personal charm and no an ability as an actress, was delicious as the uthern general's daughter Agatha. This comely ng actress has not been seen to better adtage. She was most successful in the lighter medy scenes, because she was natural. In the re dramatic moments, especially where she vemently denounces her lover, she was less conncing, showing a tendency to melodramatic es. Frank Keenan, as the grizzled old warrior, e a splendid impersonation full of detail. It not as complete a study as his Jack Rance the ubler, but it is a vital characterization that one ries away from the theatre.

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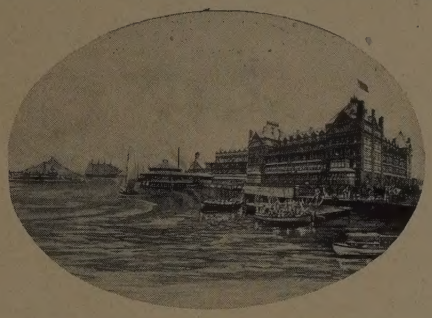

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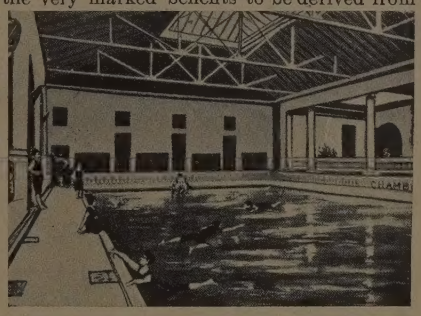

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That managers are in extremities for new plays with which to keep their houses open and to keep their companies employed was manifested in the rehashing of an old Augustin Daly play converting it into a musical comedy. The produc was lukewarm, and there was a lack of fire em ployed in the process throughout. It is in the necessity of the case that managers must take risks in providing novelties, for there must be something new in everything produced. This demand for newness is one of the symptoms of danger to our theatre. It is possible that if the original Daly play had been reproduced it would have met with some measure of success. As it is, the action of the play is so chopped up and interrupted by song and dance and chorus that it is ineffective, without well defined incident or characterization. These qualities lacking in the play, Miss Cecilia Loftus and Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay must hear the fardels of an unhappy existence during the brief period on the stage of what was meant to be an entertainment. The failure of the play is a matter for regret and not for censure. The supposed voracity of the public for trivial novelty is to blame. If all the old plays, good and bad, are to be eaten up in this way, the outlook for permanency and progress in dramatic authorship is disheartening.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
For the Home and Office.

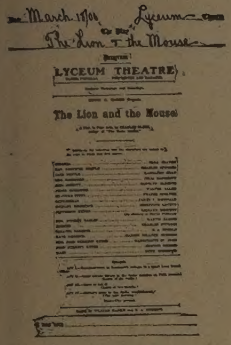
KNICKERBOCKER. "The Talk of New York." Musical play in four acts by George M Cohan. Produced Dec. 3 with this cast:

Kid Burns, Victor Moore; Dudley Wilcox, Stanley H Forde; Joe Wilcox, Jack Gardner; Freddie Stevens, Jo Smith Marba; Martin McFadden, John Conroy; Mrs Wilcox, Lorena Atwood; Isabelle McFadden, Emma Li tlefield; Grace Palmer, Nella Bergen; Geraldine Wilcox Saidie Harris; Jockeys, Gertie Vanderbilt, Rosie Green Andy Gray, Harry Gwynette; Commissioner Thompson William Thompson; Captain of Bell Boys, Maurice Elliott Mounted Policeman, William Thompson; Bicycle Police man, A. J. Thornton; Special Policeman, William Lyle Head Waiter, Maurice Elliott.

"A convincing chorus of excellent quality" is claimed for Mr. George M. Cohan's musical play "The Talk of New York." The description is as apt as it is unique. We are inclined to think that all the novelty in such productions comes from the new combinations that can be formed with the chorus. The plot can be old but the chorus must be new, with new variations of the Terpsichorean bends and a new abandonment of the leg. In this case we have a slight story concerning Kid Burns, who, by an unaccountable whim of good luck at the racetrack, beginning with a shoestring, makes himself comfortable for life realizing the dream of the piker and advertising the game of the bookmaker. Fortune does not smile on him so favorably in a love affair, but after an experience with a blackmailing adventuress, he succeeds in gaining the consideration of her family and retires to a life of assured happiness in New Rochelle. It is obvious that the chorus is better than the plot. This, indeed, is the case with all musical plays of this kind. It is urged by the writers and producers of them that they must not be taken seriously. This cannot be said of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, but that is another matter. It is an interesting development of theatrical activities, in that the more money that is spent on a production, the more factors there are in the making of it, the more establishments there are employed in the making of costumes and shoes and what not; the more electricity there is turned on, the greater the combination of colors, the greater the amount of physical vitality and exercise, the less substantial and more ephemeral the play. We do not wish to discredit for a moment the success of this play or any other play of its kind. We only consider with some amazement, the disproportion of things.

It must be said in all frankness that "The Talk of New York" contains many such new Nothings and unusually few of the old Nothings. The slang is not new. Much of it is of the racetrack. It is really the smallest part of the achievement of the play. We hardly feel at liberty to consider the use of slang by Mr. Cohan as a mark of unusual mental force. Wit by means of slang is too easily acquired, and it is a facility of the memory only, for the most part. Nevertheless, crowds of people gladly acclaim it. Hands are brought together with whacks of amazing lustiness of applause. For a sentiment? No. For a neat turn in the action? No. For a bit of slang that you can hear uttered by the first newsboy that you meet. The power of slang to arouse some people to the highest pitch of enthusiasm is amazing. It is inevitable in pieces of this kind that these slang characters shall sooner or later be put into dress suits and drink champagne and otherwise pretend to be ladies and gentlemen. The ambition for the dress suit is a laudable one

REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE



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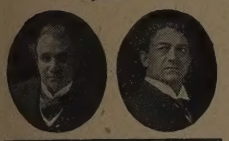

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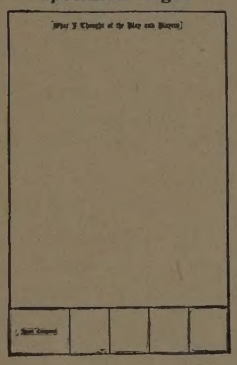

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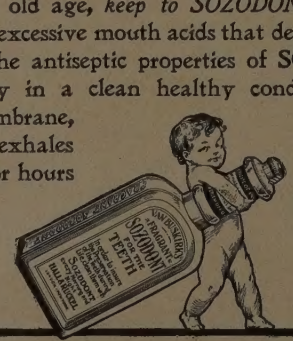

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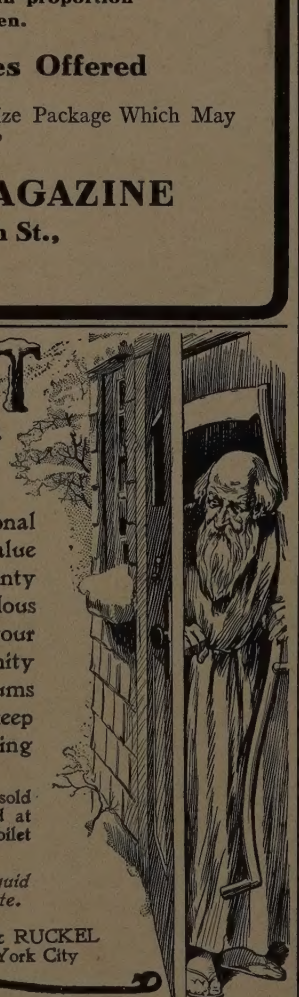

and seems to animate all kids, in life as well in plays. A zealous appetite for drink is also source of comedy effect. Mr. Cohan's sense humor is no doubt sufficient to have him re the idea that immortality attaches to the auth ship of these productions. He has every rea to be satisfied with the returns that he gets fr this perishable fruit from the Hesperides or neighborhood. Victor Moore has won an questionable popular success as "Kid" Burns.

GARRICK. "THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBER Play in three acts by Austin Strong. Presen Nov. 25 with the following cast:

The Sentry, Archibald Rosamund; the Street Clean Wm. Bechtel; the Boy, Leo Herbert White; the Be Friend, Edward Morrissey; the Sergeant, Carl Ahren the Poet, Frank Sheridan; the Girl, Consuelo Bail the Lamplighter, Grant Mitchell; the Toy Maker, W. Ferguson; the Mother, Mathilde Cottrelly; the E ployer, Frank Wunderlee; the Cook, Rosa Cooke; Coachman, Wm. Bechtel; the Clerk, Grant Mitchell; Stranger, Harrison Armstrong; the Driver, Archi Rosamund; the Children, Misses Farrington and Hac and Master Hackett; the Soldiers, Messrs. Cuyler, R stone, Lehvinne, Daly and Bell; the Citizens, Mis Svendsen and Marie.

This little piece has already gone to join ranks of plays that were almost successes. Th was a charm, a poetical dream quality about play that made many wish it better luck, but story albeit dainty and tender was too slight stand the test of the footlights. The lines w suggestive of Barrie, the atmosphere was that an old-fashioned garden where grow the thy and the gilly-flower. Yet there was a vaguen and indefiniteness about the presentation hindered the message from reaching the audien

W. J. Ferguson had in the Toymaker one those gentle parts that suit his personality w He gave the proper am nt of sentiment to rôle without instilling mawkishness into it. C suelo Bailey made a very lovable Girl. Wit little more music and a few choruses the might easily be transformed into a charming li opera.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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LIBERTY. "O'NEILL OF DERRY." Roma drama in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. P duced Nov. 25

This is another of those machine-made pl snugly fitted to Chauncey Olcott's persona which Mr. Sayre turns out each season amazing facility. In its general outlines, tr ment and coloring it bears a wonderful res blance to the other pieces of the romantic I period in which this star has appeared from to time, but it has the advantage of at least a title, and Mr. Olcott as the picturesque hero a number of new songs which are received enthusiasm. The period of the play is laid in time of Cromwell. The Governor of Lond derry, Sir Graham Croft, an unprincipled sc drel, has wedded the sweetheart of Lawr Desmond and ill treats her. Lawrence prot her and is seconded by Barry O'Neill (Mr. cott) a soldier of fortune. Barry gets into kinds of difficulties, wounds a fencing master trigues to abduct the governor's wife, and has satisfaction of seeing the governor die of h disease. Mr. Pitou has given the play a pic esque setting.

HIPPODROME.—At the Hippodrome t has been a change of bill, a new spectacle ent "The Auto Race" having taken the place "Pioneer Days." It is a huge show with n diverting features, and an automobile race. race missed fire on the opening night, but t were plenty of other attractions to make am No fear of one not getting his money's wort the Hippodrome. There was the splendid B of the Four Seasons, concluding with the W Carnival, this being followed by the Circus Marceline's antics and (the elephants' pa One of the best things in the show is an bition of expert Diabolo playing by two Fr brothers.

LINCOLN SQUARE. THE ABORN O COMPANY. At Blaney's Lincoln Square Th the Aborn Opera Company is having a most cessful season of English opera at popular p "The Serenade," by Harry D. Smith and V Herbert employed in its cast some of the Bostonians, among them George B. Frothing seasoned in his art and never failing in his edy effects. Fritzie Von Busing and Miss E Wentworth are stars of distinction, and the duction altogether was in every sense wo Among the operas to be produced are "Fra volo" and "The Chimes of Normandy," with Milton Aborn as Gaspard. The Aborns are dering a service and will be rewarded by stant and increasing attention.

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